

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOL. II. PART II.

A

WORKS

ALEXANDER POPE



VOL. II. PART II.

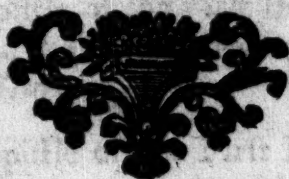
A.

THE
WORKS
OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOL. II. PART II.

Containing IMITATIONS of HORACE
and Dr. DONNE.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY, and Sold by
T. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row*,
MDCCXL.

THE
WORKS
OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

VOL. II. PART II.
Containing the Letters of HORACE
and M. D. D. D.



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Printed for R. DODD, and sold by
T. COOPER in Pall-mall, near
MUSEUM.

THE
T A B L E.

PART II.

SATIRES and EPISTLES of *HORACE*.

THE First Satire of the Second Book.
An Apology for Satire.

The Second Satire of the Second Book. The
Praise of Temperance and a Moderate For-
tune.

The First Epistle of the First Book. Of *Phi-*
losophy, and the *Studies* becoming a Man in
advanced Years.

The Sixth Epistle of the First Book. Against
idle *Admiration* and the false *Estimate* of
Happiness.

The First Epistle of the Second Book. To
Augustus, of the *State* of *Poetry*, and *Use*
of *Poets.*

The Second Epistle of the Second Book. Of
Himself, his own *Studies*, his Conduct to-
wards the *Poets*, and his *private Life.*

The

The TABLE.

The Sixth Satire of the Second Book. By
Dr. *Swift* and Mr. *Pope*.

The Seventh Epistle of the First Book, imi-
tated in the manner of Dr. *Swift*.

The Second Satire of the First Book, imita-
ted in the manner of Mr. *Pope*.

SATIRES of Dr. JOHN DONNE.

The Second Satire, on the Practices of At-
tornies, &c.

The Fourth Satire. The *Impertinent*, or a
Visit to the Court.

EPILOGUE to the SATIRES: Written in 1738.

Dialogue I.

Dialogue II.

SATIRES

ADVERTISMENT

SATIRES and EPISTLES

O F

HORACE

IMITATED,

With SATIRES of Dr. DONNE

VERSIFIED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Occasion of publishing these Imitations was the Clamour rais'd on some of my Epistles. An Answer from Horace was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the Example of much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. Donne, seem'd a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I versify'd at the desire of the Earl of Oxford while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they serv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a Satyrift for a Libeller; whereas to a true Satyrift nothing is so odious as a Libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a Hypocrite.

— Uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis.

2 THE A 2 01

FIRST SATIRE

of the Second Book of

HORACE.

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
 1 There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold:
 Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,
 And something said of Chartres much too rough.
 2 The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, 5
 Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
 Tim'rous by nature of the Rich in awe,
 3 I come to Council learned in the Law :
 You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
 Advice ; and (as you use) without a Fee. 10
F. 4 I'd write no more.
P. Not write ? but then I think,
 5 And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.

Horatius. Trebatius.

HOR. 1 *Sunt quibus in Satyra videar nimis acer, & ultra
 Legem tendere opus ; 2 sine nervis altera, quicquid
 Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
 Mille die versus deduci posse. 3 Trebati ?
 Quid faciam ? præscribe.*

TREB. 4 *Quiescas.* **HOR.** *Ne faciam, inquis,
 Omnino versus ?* **TREB.** *Aio.*

HOR. *Peream male, si non
 Optimum erat : 5 verum nequeo dormire.*

I nod

I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15
Why, if the nights seem tedious — take a Wife:

6 Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip-wine; *Probatum est.*

But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

7 Or, if you needs must write, write CAESAR's Praise:

8 You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

P. What? like Sir 9 Richard, rumbling, rough,
and fierce,

With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd
the verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25

With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and
Thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budget's fire and force,

Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

TREB. 6 *Ter uncti*

*Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto,
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.*

7 *Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
CAESARIS invicti res dicere, 8 multa laborum
Præmia laturus.*

HOR. *Cupidum, pater optime! vires*

*Deficiunt: 9 neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.*

F. 10 Then

F. 10 Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let CAROLINA smooth the tuneful lay, 30
Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.

P. 11 Alas ! few verses touch their nicer ear ;
They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year ;
And justly CAESAR scorns the Poet's lays, 35
It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.

F. 12 Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter. 40
13 Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em ?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam :
The fewer still you name, you wound the more ;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

TREB. 10 *Attamen & justum poterat & scribere fortem,
Scipiadem ut sapiens Lucilius.*

HOR. *Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipsa feret : 11 nisi dextro tempore, Flacci,
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsaris aurem ;
Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tuus.*

TREB. 12 *Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem ?
13 Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, &
odit.*

P. 14 Each

P. 14 Each mortal has his pleasure : none deny 45
 Scarfsdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pye ;
 Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
 The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she ;
 15 F-- loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
 Like in all else, as one Egg to another. 50
 16 I love to pour out all my self, as plain
 As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne :
 In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
 The Soul stood forth, not kept a thought within ;
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
 Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.
 In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;
 Publish the present age ; but where my text
 Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next : 60
 My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.

HOR. 14. *Quid faciam ? saltat Milonius, ut semel ista
 Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis :
 15 Castor gaudet equis ; ovo prognatus eodem
 Pugnis : quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
 Millia : 16 me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
 Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.
 Ille, velut fidis arcana sodalibus, olim
 Credebat libris ; neque si male gesserat, usquam
 Decurrens alio, neque si bene : quo fit ut omnis
 Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella*

My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
 17 Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
 Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
 18 Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70
 19 I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
 Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
 20 Save but our *Army*! and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
 21 Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more: 75
 But touch me, and no Minister so fore.
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 22 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,

Vita senis. Sequor hunc, 17 Lucanus an Appulus anceps:
 [Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
 Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis;
 Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis,
 Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania, bellum
 Incuteret violenta.] 18 Sed hic stylus baud petet ultro
 Quenquam animantem; & me veluti custodiet ensis
 Vagina tectus, quem cur distingere coner,
 19 Tutus ab infestis latronibus? 20 O Pater & Rex
 Jupiter! ut pereat postum rubigine telum,
 Nec quisquam noceat 21 cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
 Qui me commoritur (melius non tangere clamo)
 22 Flebit, & insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

23 Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libel'd by her hate.

24 Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels, 85
Balls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels,
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick but hug,
And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug.

25 So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poyson you, they'll only cheat. 90

26 Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether Old age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be display'd, 95
To wrap me in the universal shade;

23 *Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam;*

Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;

Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes:

24 *Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectus terreat, utque*

Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.

Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus

Monstratum? 25 *Scæva vivacem crede nepoti*

Matrem: nil faciet sceleris pia dextera (mirum?

Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos)

Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

26 *Ne longum faciam; seu me tranquilla senectus*

Expettat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;

Whether

Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write?
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
 27 Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print. 100

F. 28 Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
 In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
 Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
 Will club their Testers, now, to take your life!

P. 29 What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
 Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car;
 Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;
 Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
 Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
 Flatt'ers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
 Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
 And I not so strip the gilding off a Knave,
 115 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?

Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exul,
 27 *Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.*

TREB. 28 *O puer, ut sis*
Vitalis metuo; & Majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

HOR. 29 *Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus*
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
 30 *Detrahere & pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora*
Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Lælius, & qui
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,

I will

I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
 Hear this and tremble! you, who 'scape the laws.
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave. 20
 31 TO VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
 The World beside may murmur, or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
 Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
 32 There, my retreat the best Companions grace, 125
 Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
 There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
 The Feast of Reason and the Flow of soul:
 And * HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
 Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
 Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain, 131
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

*Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluere Metello,
 Famofisque Lupo cooperto versibus? Atqui
 Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim;
 Scilicet 31 UNI AEQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS*

AMICIS.

*32 Quin ubi se a vulgo & scæna, in secreta remorant
 Virtus Scipiadae, & mitis Sapiëntia Læli,
 Nugari cum illo, & discinæti ludere, donec
 Decoqueretur olus, soliti.*

* Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborough, who in the year 1705 took *Barcelona*, and in the winter following with only 280 horse and 900 foot enterprized and accomplish'd the Conquest of *Valentia*.

34 Envy

44 *Envy* must own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state, 134
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me. 140

This is my plea, on this I rest my cause —

35 What faith my Council, learned in the laws?

F. 36 Your Plea is good; but still I say, beware!

Laws are explain'd by Men — so have a care.

It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145

A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.

37 Consult the Statute: *quart.* I think it is,

Edwardi sext. or prim. & quint. Eliz.

— *Quicquid sum ego, quamvis*
Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque, tamen me
34 *Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque*
Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet toloido; —

35 — *Nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,*
Dissentis.

TREB. 36 *Equidem nihil hinc diffindere possum.*
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum.

37 "Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina,
jus est

"Judiciumque."

See *Libels, Satires* — here you have it — read.

P. 38 *Libels and Satires* ! lawless things indeed !
 But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light, 151
 Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
 Such as Sir ROBERT would approve —

F. Indeed ?

The Case is alter'd — you may then proceed ;
 39 In such a cause the Plaintiff will be his'd, 155
 My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

HOR. *Esto, si quis 38 mala ; sed bona si quis*
Judice condiderit laudatur CAESARE : si quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse,
 39 *Solventur risu tabulae ; tu missus abibis.*

THE

~~THE SATIRE~~
THE
Second SATIRE
OF THE
Second Book
OF
HORACE.

b2

HORACE

OF

Second Book

OF THE

Second SATIRE

THE

THE
Second SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

1 **W**HAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a chearful heart;

2 (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)

Let's talk, my friends, but talk 3 before we dine.

5 Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride 5

Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;

Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,

And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,

4 But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10

1 *QUÆ* virtus & quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic Sermo, sed quem præcepit Ofellus,
Rusticus, 4 abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva)
Discite 5 non inter lanceis, mensasque nitenteis,
Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, & cum
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat;
3 Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam si potero —

8 Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
 Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
 9 Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
 Or fish deny'd (the river yet untlaw'd)
 If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
 The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.
 20 Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
 Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;
 Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20
 21 Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
 ('Tho' cut in pieces 'ere my Lord can eat)
 Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less.

— 8 *Leporem sectatus, equove Lassus* —

*Cum labor extuderit fastidia, foccus, inanis,
 Sperne cibum vilem. -- 9 Foris est Promus, Et atrum
 Defendens pisces hyemat mare: cum sale panis
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet: unde putas, aut
 Quo partum? Non in caro nidore vol. ptas
 Summa, sed in teipso est ****

10 *Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
 Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum —
 Tanquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris ista,
 Quam laudas, pluma? — 11 Laudas insane, trilibrem
 Mullum, in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
 Ducit te species video. Quo pertinet ergo
 Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
 Majorem Natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.*

12 Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25
 Cries " Send me, Gods! a whole Hog * barbeeu'd!"
 Oh blast it, 13 South-winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
 By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30
 When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
 15 Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see; 35
 Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
 16 The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a Martin's nest,
 Till Becca-ficos fold so dev'lish dear
 To one that was, or would have been, a Peer. 40

12 Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
 Vellem (ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus) at vos
 Præsentes Austri! coquite horum opsonia: Quamvis
 Putet aper, rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
 Ægrum sollicitat stomachum, cum rapula plenus
 Atque acidas mavult inulas. 15 Necdum omnis abacta
 Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis
 Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. —
 16 Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,
 Donec vos auctor docuit Prætorius. — Ergo

* A West Indian term of gluttony, a Hog roasted
 whole, stuff'd with spice, and basted with Madera
 wine.

17 Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend,
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

18 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Excess and Famine lies a mean,
Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid, clean.

19 Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a 20 dog, and her a bitch) 50
Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:

21 One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some 22 lucky day (as when they found 55
A lost Bank bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)

17 *Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit afflos,
Parebit pravi docilis Romana Juventus.*

18 *Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Osello
Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
Si te alio pravam detorseris.* 19 *Avidienus*

(20 *Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret*)
Quinquennes oleas est, & sylvestria corna.

21 *Ac nisi mutatum parcat defundere vinum, &
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille repotia, natales, aliosque dierum*

22 *Festus albatu celebret) cornu ipse bilibri*

V. 42. Bedford-Head.] A famous Eating-house.

At

H O R A C E.

25

At such a feast, 23 old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear ;
Oyl, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart, 60
But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

24 He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that ;
Nor 25 stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away ; 65
Nor lets, like 26 Nævius, ev'ry error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

27 Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring :
(Thus said our Friend, and what he said I sing)
First Health: 28 The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A tomb of boil'd, and roast, and flesh, and fish, 71
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)

Caulibus instillat ; 23 veteris non parvus aceti.

*Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, & horum
Utrum imitabitur ? hac urget lupo, hac canis, aiunt.*

*24 Mundus erit qui non offendat sordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miser. 25 Hic neque servus
Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia dedit,*

*Sævuserit : nec sic ut simplex 26 Nævius, unctam
Convivis præbebit aquam : vitium hoc quoque magnum.*

*27 Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum
Afferat. 28 In primis valeas bene : nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius escæ*

Re-

Remembers oft 29 the School-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air. 75

30 How pale, each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest
Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast!

What life in all that ample body, say?

What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?

The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines 80

To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.

31 On morning wings how active springs the Mind

That leaves the load of yesterday behind?

How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?

How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse? 85

32 Not but we may exceed, some holy time,

Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;

*Quæ simplex 29 olim tibi federat; at simul assis
Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliis turdis,
Dulcia se in bilem vertunt; stomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. 30 Vides ut pallidus omnis
Cæna desurgat, dubia? quin corpus onustum
Hæsternis vitiiis, animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.*

31 Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori
Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.
32 Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam:
Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique
Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas

Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
 And more, the sickness of long life, Old age ;
 33 For fainting Age what cordial drop remains, 95
 If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains ?

34 Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose
 Perhaps, young men ! our fathers had no nose ?
 Not so : a Buck was then a week's repast,
 And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last ; 100
 More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

35 Why had not I in those good times my birth,
 'Ere coxcomb-pyes or coxcombs were on earth ?

Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear, 105
 36 That sweetest musick to an honest ear ;
 (For 'faith, Lord Fanny ! you are in the wrong,
 The world's good word is better than a song)

*Imbecilla volet. 33 Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam
 Quam puer & validus præsumis molliem, seu
 Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus ?*

34 Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant, non quia
nasus

*Illis nullus erat, sed credo hac mente, quod hospes
 Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam
 Integrum edax dominus consumeret. 35 Hos utinam
 inter*

Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset !

36 Das aliquid Famæ ? (que carmine gratior aurem
 Occupat humanam) Grandes rhombi, patinæque
 Who

Who has not learn'd, 37 fresh sturgeon and ham-pye
 Are no rewards for want, and infamy! 110
 When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
 Curs'd by thy 38 neighbours, thy trustees, thy self,
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how posterity will treat thy name;
 And 39 buy a rope, that future times may tell 115
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

40 "Right, cries his Lordship, for a rogue in need
 "To have a Taste, is insolence indeed:
 "In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
 "My wealth unweildy, and my heap too great. 120
 Then, like the Sun, let 41 Bounty spread her ray,
 And shine that superfluity away.
 Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
 Shall half the 42 new-built churches round thee fall?
 Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall:

*Grande ferent una 37 cum damno dedecus. Adde
 38 Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
 Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
 39 As, laquei pretium. ———
 ——— 40 Fure, inquis, Thraſius iſtis
 Furgatur verbis; ego veſtigalia magna,
 Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. 41 Ergo
 Quod ſuperat, non eſt melius quo inſumere poſſis?
 Cur eget indignus quiſquam te divite? quare
 42 Tempſa ruunt antiqua Deum? cur improbe! caræ
 Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris averſo?*

Or

Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.

43 Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind. 130

And 44 who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?

45 Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought. 136

His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.

In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd
The Lord of thousands, than if now 46 *Excis'd*; 140

In forests planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here

On 47 brocoli and mutton, round the year;

Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?

43 *O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uter-ne*

44 *Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui*

Pluribus assuerit mentem corpusque superbum?

An qui contentus parvo, metuensque futuri,

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello? [lum,

45 *Quo magis hoc credas, puer hunc ego parvus Osel-*

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

Quam nunc 46 accisis. Videas, metato in agello,

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta

Quidquam præter 47 olus fumosæ cum pede pernae.

But

But 48 ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play) 145
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
 'Tis true, no 49 Turbots dignify my boards,
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
 To Hounslow heath I point, and Bansted-down,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
 50 From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall; 151
 And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
 And figs from standard and espalier join;
 The dev'l is in you if you cannot-dine:
 Then 51 chearful healths (your Mistress shall have place)
 And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace. 156
 Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost?
 My Life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before, and after 52 Standing Armies came. 160

*At mihi cum 48 longum post tempus venerit hospes.
 Sive operum vacuo, &c. — bene erit, non piscibus
 urbe petitis,*

*Sed pullo atque hædo; tum 50 pensilis uva secundas
 Et nux ornabit mensas, cum duplice ficu.*

*Posthac ludus erit 51 Cuppa potare Magistra,
 Ac venerata Ceres, ut culmo sergeret alto,
 Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis.*

*Sæviat, atque novas moveat Fortuna tumultus!
 Quantum hinc imminuit? quanto aut ego parcius aut
 vos,*

O puer, nescistis, ut huc 52 novus Incola venit!

My

My lands are fold, my father's house is gone ;
 I'll hire another's ; is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends ? thro' whose free-opening gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late ;
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best, 165
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)
 " Pray heav'n it last ! (cries SWIFT !) as you go on ;
 " I wish to God this house had been your own :
 " Pity ! to build, without a son or wife :
 " Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life." — 170
 Well, if the Use be mine, can it concern one,
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon ?
 What's 53 *Property* ? dear Swift ! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to 54 Peter Walter ;
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share ; 175
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ;
 Or in pure 55 equity (the case not clear)
 The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year :
 At best, it falls to some 56 ungracious son,
 Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
 57 Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford, 181
 Become the portion of a booby Lord ;

53 *Nam propriæ telluris herum natura neque illum
 Nec me, aut quemquam statuit ; nos expulit ille,
 Illum aut* 54 *Nequities, aut* 55 *vafri inscitia juris,
 Postremo expellet certe* 56 *vivacior hæres.*

57 *Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
 Dictus, erit nulli proprius, sed cedit in usum*

And

And Hemfley, once proud * Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.

58 Let lands and houses have what Lords they will, 185
Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

Nunc mihi, nunc alii, 58 Quocirca vivite fortes!
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

* Villers Duke of Buckingham.

The FIRST EPISTLE

EPISTLES

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE.

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EPISTLES

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HORACE.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why 2 will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise,
Publick too long, ah let me hide my Age! 5
See Modest 3 Cibber now has left the Stage:

PRIMA dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camenâ!
2 Spectatum satis, & donatum jam rude, quæris
(Mæcenas) iterum antiquo me includere ludo?
Non eadem est ætas, non mens. 3 Vejanus Armis
4 Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro,

B 4

Our

Our Gen'als now, 4 retir'd to their Estates,
 Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
 In Life's cool Evening satiate of Applause,
 Nor 5 fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause.

6 A Voice there is, that whispers in my ear, 11
 ('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
 " Friend Pope! be prudent, let your 7 Muse take breath,
 " And never gallop Pegasus to death;
 " Left stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15
 " You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse."
 Farewell then 8 Verse, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
 The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy,
 What 9 right, what true, what fit we justly call,
 Let this be all my care — for this is All: 20
 To lay this 10 harvest up, and hoard with haste
 What ev'ry-day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what 11 Doctors I apply?
 Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I:
 As drives the 12 storm, at any door I knock, 25
 And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke.

*Ne populum 5 extremâ, toties, exoret arenâ,
 6 Est mihi, purgatam crebro qui personet aurem;
 " Solve 7 senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
 " Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia ducat."
 Nunc itaque, & 8 versus, & cætera ludicra pono,
 Quid 9 verum atque decens, curo & rogo, & omnis in
 hoc sum.
 10 Condo & compono quæ mox depromere possim.
 Ac ne forte roges, 11 quo me duce, quo Lare tuter?
 Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri,
 12 Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor Hospes.
 Some-*

Sometimes a 13 Patriot, active in debate,
 Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
 Free as young Lyttelton, her Cause pursue,
 Still true to Virtue, 14 and as warm as true : 30
 Sometimes, with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
 Indulge my candor, and grow all to all ;
 Back to my 15 native Moderation slide,
 And win my way by yielding to the tyde.

16 Long, as to him who works for debt, the Day,
 Long as the Night to her whose Love's away, 36
 Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
 When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one ;
 So slow th' 17 unprofitable moments roll,
 That lock up all the Functions of my soul ; 40
 That keep me from myself ; and still delay
 Life's instant business to a future day :
 That 18 task, which as we follow, or despise,
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise,

*Nunc agilis fio, & mersor 13 civilibus undis,
 Virtutis veræ custos, 14 rigidusque satelles.
 Nunc in* Aristippi 15 furtim præcepta relabor,
 Et mihi res, non me rebus, submittere conor.*

16 *Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque
 Longa videtur opus debentibus, ut piger annus
 Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum :
 Sic mihi tarda 17 fluunt ingrataque tempora, que spem
 Consilium morantur agendi gnaviter 18 id, quod*

Which

* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res.

Which done, the poorest can no wants endure, 45
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

19 Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some 20 comfort, not to be a fool.
21 Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite; 50
I'll do what Mead and Chelfelden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to 22 go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy 23 blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can controll
(24 Between the Fits) this fever of the soul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which (25 fresh and fresh ap-
Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. [ply'd]

*Æque pauperibus prodest. locupletibus æque,
Æque neglectum pueris, senibusque nocebit.*

19 Restat, ut his ego me ipse regam, 20 solerque, Ele-
mentis.

21 Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere chiragrâ.
Est quâdam prodire 22 tenuis, si non datur ultra.

23 Fervet Avaritia, miseroque Cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba & voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, & 24 magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? sunt 25 certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

Be 26 furious, envious, slothful, mad or drunk,
 27 Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,
 A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch 28 Bear;
 All that we ask is but a patient Ear.

29 'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor; 65
 And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
 But to the world, no 30 bugbear is so great,
 As want of figure, and a small Estate.

To either India see the Merchant fly,
 Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty! 70
 See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
 And 32 ease thy heart of all that it admires?

26 *Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus*, 27 *Amator*,
 Nemo 28 *adeo ferus est ut non mitescere possit*,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.

29 *Virtus est vitium fugere, & Sapientia prima*
Stultitia caruisse —

— *Vides, quæ 30 maxima credis*
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpem que repulsam,
Quanto devites animi, capitisque labore?
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per 31 mare Pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:
Ne cures 32 ea que stulte miraris & optas
*Discere, & audire, & meliori credere non vis? ***

Here, Wisdom calls : 33 "Seek Virtue first! be bold!
 "As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."

There, London's voice : 34 "Get Mony, Mony still!

"And then let Virtue follow if she will." 80

This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,

From 35 low St. James's up to high St. Paul;

From him whose 36 quills stand quiver'd at his ear,

To him who notches Sticks at Westminster.

BARNARD in 37 spirit, sense, and truth abounds. 85

"Pray then what wants he?" fourscore thousand

A Pension, or such Harness for a slave [pounds,

As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.

Barnard, thou art a 38 *Cit*, with all thy worth;

But wretched Bug, His *Honour*, and so forth. 90

Yet ev'ry 39 child another song will sing,

"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."

True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,

He's arm'd without that's innocent within;

"33 *Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum* —

"34 *O cives, cives! quæ renda Pecunia primum est,*

"*Virtus post nummos* — *Hæc* 35 *Janus summus ab imo*

Prodocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dilata, senesque,

36 *Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.*

Est 37 *animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque* —

Si quadringentis sex. septem millia desint,

38 *Plebs eris* —

39 *At pueri ludentes, 'Rex eris (aiunt)*

Be this thy 40 Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass; 65
Compar'd to this, a Minister's an Ass.

41 And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was spoke at 42 CRESSY and POITIERS? 100
43 Who counsels best? who whispers "Be but great,
" With Praise or Infamy, leave that to fate;
" Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with grace;
" If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.
For what? to have a 44 Box where Eunuchs sing, 105
And foremost in the Circle Eye a King.

Or 45 he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro': }
And, 46 while he bids thee, sets th' Example too? }
If 47 such a Doctrine, in St. James's air, 110
Shou'd chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare;

" Si recte facies." Hic 40 murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallefcere culpâ!

41 Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum
Nænia? quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et maribus 42 Curiis, & decantata Camillis?

43 Isne tibi melius suadet, qui " Rem facias, rem,
" Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem."

Ut 44 propius spectes lacrymosa Poemata Pupi!

An, 45 qui Fortunæ te responsare superbæ
Liberum & erectum, 46 præfens hortatur, & aptat?

47 Quod si me Papulus Romanus forte roget, cur

If honest S * z take scandal at a spark,
The less admires the 48 Palace than the Park ;
Faith I shall give the answer 49 Reynard gave :

“ I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave ; 115

“ Because I see, by all the tracks about,

“ Full many a Beast goes in, but none comes out.”

Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave :

Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least 120

The 50 People are a many-headed Beast :

Can they direct what measures to pursue,

Who know themselves so little what to do ?

Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,

Just half the land would buy, and half be sold : 125

Their 51 Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,

Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main ;

The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews,

Some keep Assemblies, and wou'd keep the Stews,

Some 52 with fat Bucks on childless Dotards fawn, 130

Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn ;

Non, ut 48 porticibus, sic judiciis fruar iisdem,

Nec sequar aut fugiam quos diligit ipse, vel odit ?

Olim quod 49 Vulpes ægroto cantu Leoni

Respondit, referam : “ Quia me vestigia terrent

“ Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

50 Bellua multorum est caput, nam quid sequar,
aut quem ?

Pars hominum gestit 51 conducere Publica : Sunt qui

52 Crustis & Pomis, Viduas venentur avaras,

Excipiantque Senes quos in vivaria mittant.

While

While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkness 53 hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each 54 pursues his own,
Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135

But show me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir Job 55 sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"

56 Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base 140 }
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace, }
The silver Thames reflects its marble face. }

Now let some whimsy, or that 57 Dev'l within }
Which guides all those who know not what they mean, }
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen; 145 }

"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
"For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."

At am'rous Flavio is the 58 stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.

53 *Multis occulto crescit res scenore —*

— 54 *Verum*

Esse, aliis alios rebus, studiisque teneri:

Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?

55 "Nullus in orbe locus Baiis præluet amænis:"

Si dixit Dives, 56 lacus & mare sentit amorem

Festinantis heri. Cui si 57 vitiosa Libido

Fecerit auspicium, cras, "ferramenta Teanum

"Tolletis, fabri! —

— 58 *Lectus genialis in aula est?*

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil cælibe vita:

59 The

59 The Fool whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
 For matrimonial solace dies a martyr. 151
 Did ever 60 Proteus; Merlin, any witch,
 Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich?
 "Well, but the 61 Poor - The Poor have the same itch;
 They change their 63 weekly Barber, weekly News,
 Prefer a new Japanner to their shoes, 156
 Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
 (They know not whither) in a Chaise and one;
 They 64 hire their sculler, and when once abroad,
 Grow sick, and damn the climate — like a Lord. 160
 65 You laugh, half Beau half Sloven if I stand,
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
 You laugh, if Coat and breeches strangely vary,
 White gloves, and linnen worthy Lady Mary!
 But when 66 no Prelate's Lawn with hair-shirt lin'd,
 Is half so incoherent as my Mind, 166
 When (each opinion with the next at strife,
 One 67 ebb and flow of follies all my life)

59 *Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.*

60 *Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?*
Quid 61 pauper? ride: mutat 62 coenacula, lectos,
Balnea, 63 tonsiores; conducto 64 navigio, æque
Nauseat ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.

65 *Si curtatus inæquali tonsore capillos*
Occurro, rides: si forte subucula pexæ
Trita subest tunica, vel si toga diffidet impar,
Rides: quid? 66 mea cum pugnat sententia secum,
Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;
 67 *Æstuat, & vitæ disconvenit ordine toto,*

I 68 plant, root up, I build, and then confound,
 Turn round to square, and square again to round;
 69 You never change one muscle of your face, 171
 You think this Madness but a common case,
 Nor 70 once to Chanc'ry, nor to * Hales apply;
 Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry!
 Careless how ill I with my self agree, 175
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.
 Is this my 71 Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
 This, he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,)

That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own; 180
 Great without Title, without Fortune blest'd, [press'd;
 Rich 73 ev'n when plunder'd, 75 honour'd while op-
 Lov'd 76 without youth, and follow'd without power,
 At home tho' exil'd, 74 free, tho' in the Tower:
 In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing, 185
 Just 72 less than Jove, and 77 much above a King,
 Nay, half in heav'n—78 except (what's mighty odd)
 A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God.

68 *Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?*
 69 *Insanire putas solennia me; neque rides,*
Nec 70 Medici credis, nec Curatoris egere
A Prætoris dati? rerum 71 Tutela mearum
Cum sis, Et pravè sectum stomacheris ob unguem,
De te pendentis, te suspicientis, Amici.
Ad summam, Sapiens uno 72 minor est Jove! 73 Dives!
 74 *Liber! 75 honoratus! 76 pulcher!*
 —77 *Rex denique regum!*
Præcipue sanus—78 Nisi cum pituita molesta est.
 * Doctor of Bedlam.

THE
SIXTH EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE.

NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
“To make men happy, and to keep them so.”

[Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of
So take it in the very words of † Creech.] (speech,

2 This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball, 5
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,

NIL Admirari, prope res est una, Numici!
Solaque, quæ possit facere & servare beatum.
2 Hunc Solem, & Stellas, & decedentia certis

There

† From whose Translation of *Horace* the two first
lines are taken.

EPISTLES OF HORACE. 35

There are, my Friend ! whose philosophic eyes
Look thro', and trust the Ruler with his skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view 3 this dreadful All without a fear. 10

Admire we then what 4 Earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold ;
All the mad trade of 5 Fools and Slaves for Gold ?
Or 6 Popularity ? or Stars and Strings ?
The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings ? 15
Say with what 7 eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze ?

If weak the 8 pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing :
Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
In either case, believe me, we admire ;
Whether we 9 joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpris'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.

*Tempora momentis, sunt qui 3 formidine nulla
Imbuti, spectent. —*

— 4 *Quid censes munera Terræ ?*

*Quid Maris, extremos Arabas 5 ditantis, & Indos ?
Ludicra, quid, 6 plausus, & amici dona Quiritis,
Quo spectanda modo, 7 quo sensu credis, & ore ?*

8 *Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem*

Quo cupiens pacto ; pavor est utrique molestus :

Improvisa simul species exterrēt utrumque.

9 *Gaudeat, an doleat, cupiat, metuatve, quid ad rem ?*

Si, quicquid videt melius, pejusve sua spe,

C 2

Thus

Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
 Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away; 35
 For 10 Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
 The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
 11 Go then, and if you can, admire the state
 Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
 Procure a *Tasse* to double the surprize, 30
 And gaze on 12 Parian Charms with learned eyes:
 Be struck with bright 13 Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
 Our Birth-day Nobles splendid Livery.
 If not so pleas'd, at 14 Council-board rejoice,
 To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice; 35
 From 15 morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
 For 16 Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
 Shall 17 One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conspir'd
 To form, not to admire but be admir'd, 41
 Sigh, while his Chloë blind to Wit and Worth
 Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth?

Defixis oculis, animoque & corpore torpet?

10 *Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
 Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.*

11 *I nunc, argentum & marmor 12 vetus, æraque &
 Suspice; cum gemmis 13 Tyrios mirare colores:* [artes
Gaude, quod spectant oculi te mille loquentem:

Gnavus 15 mane forum, & vespertinus pete te sum:

16 *Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris*

Mucius. Indignum, quod sit pejoribus ortus!

17 *Hic tibi si potius, quam tu, mirabilis illi?*

Yet

Yet 18 Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
 It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine: 45
 And what is Fame? the Meanest have their day,
 The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.

Grac'd as thou art, 19 with all the Pow'r of Words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords;
 Conspicuous Scene! another yet is nigh, 50
 (More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie;

Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
 Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!

21 Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
 Will any mortal let himself alone? 55

See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,
 And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.

The case is easier in the Mind's disease;

There, all Men may be cur'd, whenc'er they please.

Would ye be 22 blest? despise low Joys, low Gains;

Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains; 61

Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

18 *Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet Ætas,*

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. 19 *Quum bene notum*

Porticus Agrippæ, & via te conspexerit Appi,

Ire tamen restat Numa 20 *quo devenit & Ancus.*

21 *Si latus, aut renes morbo tententur acuto,*

Quare fugam morbi —

—22 *Vis recte vivere? quis non?*

Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis emissis

Hoc age deliciis —

23 But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
 One, who believes as Tindal leads the way,
 Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns, 65
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
 Fly 24 then, on all the wings of wild desire,
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:
 Is Wealth thy passion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
 Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold,
 Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold:
 25 Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
 For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
 Will gain a 26 Wife with half as many more,
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such 27 Friends—as cannot fail to last. 80
 A 28 Man of Wealth, is dubb'd a Man of worth,
 Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis Birth.

— 23 *Virtutem verba putas, ut
 Lucum ligna? 24 cave ne porcus occupet alter,
 Ne Cybatica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.
 25 Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera: porro
 Tertia succedant, & quæ pars quadret acervum.
 Scilicet 26 Uxorem cum dote, fidemque & 27 Amicos.
 Et genus & formam regina 28 Pecunia donat:
 Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadola, Venusque.*

(Believe

(Believe me, many a 29 German Prince is worse,
 Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse)
 His Wealth brave 30 Timon gloriously confounds ; 85
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds ;
 Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,
 Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day.
 31 Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed ; 90
 A noble superfluity it craves,
 Not for your self, but for your Fools and Knaves ;
 Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
 And which it much becomes you to forget.
 32 If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.
 33 But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lie,
 If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy ;

*Mancipiis locuples, eget æris 29 Cappadocum rex ;
 Ne fueris hic tu —*

— 30 *Chlamydes Lucullus (ut aiunt)*
*Si posset centum Scenæ præbere rogatus,
 Qui possum tot ? ait: tamen & quæram, & quot habeo
 Mittam. Post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque
 Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel talleret omnes.
 31 Exilis domus est, ubi non & multa supersunt,
 Et dominum fallunt, & prosunt furibus. 32 Ergo,
 Si res sola potest facere & servare beatum,
 Hoc primus repetas opus hoc postremus omittas.
 33 Si Fortunatum species & gratia præstat,*

Then 34 hire a Slave, (or if you will, a Lord) 100
 To do the Honours, and to give the Word;
 Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
 To whom 35 to nod, whom take into your Coach,
 Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
 Who 36 rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks;
 " This may be troublesome, is near the Chair: 106
 " That makes three Members, this can chuse a May'r."
 Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt him 37 Son, or Cousin at the least,
 Then turn about, and 38 laugh at your own Jest.

Or if your life be one continu'd Treat, 111
 If 39 to live well means nothing but to eat;
 Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
 Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;
 With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite — 115
 So 40 Russel did, but could not eat at night,
 Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
 And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.

34 *Mercemur servum, qui dicet nomina, laevum*
Qui fodiat latus, & cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere. 36 Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille Velina:
Cuilibet hic fasces dabet, eripietque curule
Cui valet importunus ebur. 37 Frater, pater, adde:
Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque 38 facetus adopta.
 Si, 39 *bene qui cœnat, bene vivit; "lucet, eamus*
"Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur:" ut 40 olim
Gargilius, qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,
Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret
Emptum mulus aprum —

Or

Or shall we 41 ev'ry Decency confound,
 Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,
 Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do 121
 42 K——l's lewd Cargo, or Ty——y's Crew,
 From Latian Syrens, French Circean Feasts,
 Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts,
 Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame, 125
 Renounce our 43 Country, and degrade our Name?
 If, after all, we must with 44 Wilmot own,
 The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
 And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!
 The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
 45 Adieu—— if this advice appear the worst,
 E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first:
 Or better Precepts if you can impart,
 Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

——41 *Crudi, tumidique lavemur,*
Quid deceat, quid non, obliti: Cerite cera
Digni, 42 remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi,
Cui potior 43 patria fuit interdicta voluptas.
 44 *Si (Mimnermus atque censeat) sine amore jocisque,*
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore, jocisque.
 45 *Vive, vale! si quid novisti rectius istis,*
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

O full of many a Darny confound
The Thence, and I know not how
O full of many a Darny confound
From Latin, Greek, and Roman
Roman well, and I know not how
O full of many a Darny confound
Remorse, and I know not how
It will all, we shall see
The Cardinal Darny, and I know not how
And full of many a Darny confound
The man that loves and I know not how
44 A full of many a Darny confound
Even like the Cardinal Darny, and I know not how
O full of many a Darny confound
Why do I know not how

44 A full of many a Darny confound
And full of many a Darny confound
44 A full of many a Darny confound
And full of many a Darny confound
44 A full of many a Darny confound
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ADVERTISEMENT

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

Exemplum of Poetry; whereas it was an Apology for the Poets, in order to render Augustus more their Patron. Horace does plead the Cause of his Contemporaries, first against the Taste of the

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Reflections of Horace and the Judgments past in his Epistle to Augustus,* seem'd so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to His Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good Qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encrease of an Absolute Empire. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those Virtues which contribute to the Happiness of a Free-People, and are more consistent with the Welfare of our Neighbours.

This Epistle will show the Learned World to have fallen into Two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a Patron of Poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate: *Admonebat Prætores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolesceri, &c.* The other, that this Piece was only a general Discourse of Poetry; whereas it was an Apology for the Poets, in order to render Augustus more their Patron. Horace here pleads the Cause of his Cotemporaries, first against the Taste of the

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the Town, whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; secondly against the Court and Nobility, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and lastly against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shews (by a View of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of Greece had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their Morals were much improved, and the Licence of those ancient Poets restrained: that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the Ill Taste of the Nobility; that Poets under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the State; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend, for his Fame with Posterity.

We may farther learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character.

EPISTLES

EPISTLES OF HORACE

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

WHile You, great Patron of Mankind ! : sustain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main ;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend ;
2 How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal 5
An hour, and not defraud the Publick Weal ?

CUM tot i sustineas & tanta negotia, solus ;
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes ; in 2 publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.

3 Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
 And virtuous Alfred, a more 4 sacred Name,
 After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd, 10
 Ambition humbled, mighty Cities storm'd,
 Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd ;
 5 Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind !
 All human Virtue, to its latest breath, 15
 6 Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
 The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,
 Had still this Monster to subdue at last.
 7 Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away ! 20
 Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
 Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.
 To thee, the World its present homage pays,
 The Harvest early, 8 but mature the praise :

3 Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Castore Pollux,
 Post ingentia facta, 4 Deorum in templa recepti,
 Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
 Componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt ;
 5 Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis. Dirum qui contudit Hydram,
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit 6 Invidiam supremo fine domari.
 7 Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
 Infra se positas : extinctus amabitur idem.
 8 Præsentī Tibi maturos largimur honores :

Great

Great Friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a Name 25

Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame :

Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,

9 As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.

Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes

10 None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30

Just in one instance, be it yet confess

Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest :

Foes to all living worth except your own,

And Advocates for folly dead and gone.

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old ; 35

It is the rust we value, not the gold.

11 Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,

And beastly † Skelton Heads of houses quote :

9 *Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,*

10 *Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.*

Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens & justus in uno,

Te nostris Ducibus, Te Gravis antefereudo,

Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque

Æstimat ; & , nisi quæ terris semota, suisque

Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit & odit.

11 *Sic fautor Veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes*

Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, sædera regum

Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,

Pontificum libros, annosa volumina vatum,

† Skelton, Poet Laureat to Hen. 8. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language.

One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
 A Scot will fight for * Christ's Kirk o' the Green; 40
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
 12 He swears the Muses met him at the † Devil.

Tho' justly 13 Greece her eldest sons admires,
 Why should not We be wiser than our fires?
 In ev'ry Publick Virtue we excell, 45
 We build, we paint, 14 we sing, we dance as well,
 And 15 learned Athens to our art must stoop,
 Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

If 16 Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
 Say at what age a Poet grows divine? 50
 Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
 Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
 End all dispute; and fix the year precise
 When British bards begin t' immortalize?

12 *Distitet Albano Mufas in monte locutas*
Si, quia 13 Græcorum sunt antiquiffima quæque
Scripta, vel optima; Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptores trutina, non est quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.
Venimus ad summum fortunæ; 14 pingimus, atque
Pfallimus, & 15 luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.

Si 16 meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus?
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

* Christ's Kirk o' the Green, a Ballad made by a
 King of Scotland.

† The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnson held his
 Poetical Club. "Who

" Who lasts a 17 century can have no flaw, 55
 " I hold that Wit a Claffick, good in law.

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
 And shall we deem him 18 Ancient, right and found,
 Or damn to all eternity at once,
 At ninety nine, a Modern and a Dunce? 60

" We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
 " By 19 courtesy of England, he may do.
 Then, by the rule that made the 20 Horse-tail bare,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
 And melt 21 down Ancients like a heap of snow: 65
 While you, to measure merits, look in 22 Stowe,
 And estimating authors by the year,
 Bestow a Garland only on a 23 Bier,

24 Shakespear*, (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill
 Style the divine, the matchless, what you will) 70
 For

*" Est vetus atque probus, 17 centum qui perficit annos.
 Quid? qui deperit minor uno mense, vel anno;
 Inter quos referendus erit? 18 veteresne poetas,
 An quos & præsens & postera respuet ætas?*

*" Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur 19 honestè,
 " Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.*

*Utor permissò, caudæque pilos ut 20 equinæ
 Paulatim vello, & demo unum, demo etiam unum;
 Dum cadat elusus, ratione 21 ruentis acerui,
 Qui redit ad 22 fastos, & virtutem æstimat annis,
 Miraturque nihil, nisi quod 23 Libitina sacravit.*

24 Ennius (& sapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,

* Shakespear and Ben. Johnson may truly be said not
 much to have thought of this Immortality, the one in

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
 And grew Immortal in his own despight.
 Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
 25 The Life to come, that makes a Poet's Creed.
 Who now reads 26 Cowley ? if he pleases yet, 71
 His Moral pleases, not his pointed Wit ;
 Forgot his Epic, nay * Pindaric Art,
 But still 27 I love the language of his heart.

“ Yet surely, 28 surely, these were famous men !
 “ What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben ? 80
 “ In all 29 debates where Criticks bear a part,
 “ Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art,

*Ut Critici dicunt) leviter curare videtur,
 Quo 25 promissa cadant, & somnia Pythagorea.
 26 Nævius in manibus non est; at 27 mentibus hæret
 Pæne recens :*

“ 28 Adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema !
 “ Ambigitur 29 quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert
 “ Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti :
 “ Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro ;
 “ Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi ;
 “ Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.

many pieces compos'd in haste for the Stage ; the other
 in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* call'd his
Dotages.

* — Pindaric art, which has much more merit
 than his *Epic*, but very unlike the Character, as well
 as Numbers, of Pindar.

“ Of

Of Shakespear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
 " How Beaumont's Judgment check'd what Fletcher
 writ ;

" How * Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow ; 85

" But, for the Passions, Southern sure and Rowe.

" These, 30 only these, support the crouded stage,

" From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.

31 All this may be; the People's Voice is odd,
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90

To 32 Gammer † Gurton if it give the bays,

And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,

Or say our Fathers never broke a rule ;

Why then, I say, the Publick is a fool.

" *Has ediscit, & hos arcto stipata theatro*

" *Speclat Roma potens; 30 habet hos numeratque poetas*

" *Ad nostrum tempus, Liqi scriptoris ab ævo.*

31 *Interdum vulgus rectum videt : est ubi peccat.*

Si 32 *veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,*

Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet : errat :

* *Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow.*] Nothing was less true than this particular: But the whole Paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own Judgment, only the common Chatt of the pretenders to Criticism; in some things right, in others wrong: as he tells us in his answer,

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat.

† Gammer Gurton, a piece of very low humour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by some Antiquaries.

But let them own, that greater Faults than we 95
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.

* Spenser himself affects the 33 Obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on 34 Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now Serpent-like, in 35 prose he sweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel, and Archangel join, 101
And God the Father turns a School-divine.

36 Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like 37 flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected Fool 105
At court, who hates whate'er he 38 read at school.

But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er) 110
One Simile, that 39 solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,

*Si quidam nimis 33 antiquè, si pleraque 34 durè
Dixere dedit eos, 35 ignavè multa; fatetur;
Et sapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.
36 Non equidem infector, delandaque carmina Livii
Esse reor, memini quæ 37 plagosum, 38 mihi parvo,
Orbillium dicere — Sed emendata videri
Pulchraque, & exactis minimum distantia, miror:
Inter quæ 39 verbum emicuit si forte decorum, &*

* Spenser himself affects the obsolete.] Particularly in
the Shepherd's Calendar, where he imitates the unequal
measures, as well as the language, of Chaucer.

Or

Or 40 lengthen'd Thought that gleams thro' many a
Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age. [page,

41 I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115

When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new ;

While if our Elders break all reason's law,

These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.

42 On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,

If I but ask, if any weed can grow ? 120

One Tragic sentence if I dare deride

Which 43 Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,

(Tho' but, perhaps * a muster-roll of Names)

How will our Fathers rise up in a rage, 125

And swear, all shame is lost in George's Age !

You'd think 44 no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,

Did not some grave Examples yet remain,

Si 40 versus paulo concinnior unus & alter ;

Injuste totum ducit venditque poema.

41 *Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse*

Compositum illepidè putetur, sed quia nuper ;

Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem & præmia posci.

42 *Recti necne crocum floresque perambulet Attæ*

Fabula, si dubitem ; clamant periisse pudorem

Cuncti pæne patres, ea cum reprehendere coner,

Quæ 43 gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.

Vel quia nil 44 rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt ;

* *A muster-roll of Names.*] An absurd custom of
several Actors, to pronounce with emphasis the meer
Proper Names of Greeks or Romans, which (as they
call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player.

Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,
 And having once been wrong, will be so still. 130
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
 Extols old Bards, 45 or Merlin's Prophecy,
 Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
 And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.
 46 Had ancient times conspir'd to dis-allow 135
 What then was new, what had been ancient now?
 Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
 By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?
 47 In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
 Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd; 140
 In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
 * "All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
 Then

*Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ
 Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.*

*Jam 45 Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud,
 Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;
 Ingeniis non ille favet, plauditque sepultis,
 Nostra sed impugnat, nos, nostraque lividus odit.*

*46 Quod si tam Græcis novitas invita fuisset,
 Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,
 Quod legeret, tereretque viritim publicus usus?*

*47 Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis
 Cæpit, & in Vitium fortuna labier æqua;*

* A Verse of the Lord Lansdown.

*Then Peers grew proud in 48 Horsemanship t'excell,
New-market's Glory rose, as Britain's fell ;
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France, 145
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.

Then 49 Marble soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form :

Lely on 50 animated Canvas stole
The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150

No wonder then, when all was Love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court ;

† On 51 each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.

But 52 Britain, changeful as a Child at play,
Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.

Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate ;
Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State ;

Nunc Athletarum studiis, nunc arsit 48 equorum ;

49 Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut æris amavit ;

Suspendit 50 picta vultum mentemque tabella ;

Nunc 51 tibicinibus, nunc est gavisus tragædis :

52 Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,

Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.

Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas ?

* *In Horsemanship t'excell. And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship : the Romance of *Parthenissa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by *Persons of Quality*.

† *On each enervate string, &c.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England. Now

Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
 Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause. 160
 53 Time was, a sober Englishman wot'd knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o' clock,
 Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
 And send his Wife to Church, his Son to school,
 To 54 worship like his Fathers, was his care; 165
 To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
 To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
 And place, on good 55 Security, his Gold.
 Now times are chang'd, and one 56 Poetic Itch
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich: 170
 Sons, Sires, and Grandfirs, all will wear the bays,
 Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
 To Op'ra's, Theatres, Rehearsals throng,
 And all our Grace at table is a Song.
 I, who so oft renounce the Muses, 57 lye, 175
 Not ———'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;

Hoc Pacis habuere bonæ, ventique secundi

53 *Romæ dulce diu fuit & solenne, reclusa*
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,
Cautos 55 nominibus certis expendere nummos,
 54 *Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ*
Crescere res posset, minui damnoſa libido.

Mutavit mentem populus levis, 56 & calet uno
Scribendi studio; pueri, patresque severi
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & carmina dictant.

Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior 57 Parthis mendacior, & prius orto
Sole, vigil calamus, & chartas, & serinia posco.

When,

When, sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
 And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more;
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to show our Wit. 180

58 He serv'd a Prenticeship, who sets up shop;
 • Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
 Ev'n 59 Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
 Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pyle? 185
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
 But 60 those who cannot write, and those who can,
 All ryme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet Sir, 61 reflect, the mischief is not great;
 These Madmen never hurt the Church or State; 190
 Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
 And rarely 62 A vice taints the tuneful mind.
 Allow him but his 63 Plaything of a Pen,
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:

58 *Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonam egro*
Non aude, nisi qui didicit, dare: quod medicorum est,
Promittunt 59 *Medici: tractant fabrilis fabri:*
 60 *Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.*
 61 *Hic error tamen est levis hæc insania, quantas*
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: Vatis 62 *avarus.*
Non temere est animus: 63 versus amat, hoc studet unum;

* Ward.] A famous Empirick, whose Piss and Drop
 had several surprizing effects, and were one of the prin-
 cipal subjects of writing and conversation at this time.

64 Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind; 195
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.

To 65 cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter: W

The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre, bAA

Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet; 82

And then — a perfect Hermit in his diet. 200

Of little use the Man you may suppose,

Who says in verse what others say in prose; Nor dare

Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight, W

* And (67 tho' no Soldier) useful to the State. (Should)

68 What will a Child learn sooner than a song? 205

What better teach a Foreigner the tongue? bAA

Detrimenta, 64 fugas servorum, incendia ridet; T

Non 65 fraudem Socio, puerove incogitat ullam 2

Papillo: Vivit siquis, & pane secundo. 66 bAA

67 Militiæ quanquam piger & malus, utilis urbi, A

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari, H

68 Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:

* *And tho' no Soldier.*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity; (*non bene relicta parmula,*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of a Poet's character; but with an intermixture of Irony: *Vivit siquis & pane secundo* has a relation to his Epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows, *Torquet ab obscænis — Mox etiam pectus — Recte facta refert,* &c. which the Imitator has apply'd where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses.

What's

What's long or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in publick with some sort of grace.
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some Monster of a King, 210
 Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,
 To please a lewd, or un-believing Court.
 Unhappy Dryden! — In all Charles's days,
 Rosecommon only boasts unspotted bays;
 And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains) 215
 No whiter page than Addison remains.
 He, 69 from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
 And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
 And pours each human Virtue in the heart. 220
 Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
 Her Trade supported, and supply'd her Laws;
 And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse ingrav'd,
 The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd.
 Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure, 225
 Stretch'd to 71 relieve the Idiot and the Poor*,
 Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
 And 70 stretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.

*Torquet 69 ab obscænis jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
 Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
 Asperitatis, & invidiæ corrector, & iræ.
 Recte facta refert; 70 orientia tempora notis
 Instruit exemplis: 71 inopem solatur, & ægrum.*

* A Foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and
 a Fund for assisting the Poor, by lending small sums of
 money on demand.

Not

Not but there are, who merit other palms :
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with 71 Psalms :
 The 72 Boys and Girls whom charity maintains, 231
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains :
 How could Devotion 73 touch the country pews, 70
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse ?
 Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work, 235
 Verse prays for Peace, or sings down 74 Pope and Turk.
 The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain,
 The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
 And 75 Heav'n is won by Violence of Song. 240

Our 76 rural Ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain :
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share, 245
 Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care :

*Castis cum 72 pueris ignara puella mariti
 Disceret unde 73 preces, vatem nī Musa dedisset ?
 Poscit opem Chorus, & præsētia numina sentit ;
 Cælestes implorat aquas docta prece blandus ;
 Avertit morbos, 74 metuenda pericula pellit ;
 Impetrat & Pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum.
 75 Carmine Dī superi placantur, carmine Manes.
 76 Agricola præsci, fortes, parvoque beati,
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
 Corpus, & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
 Cum sociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fida,
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,*

The

The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul :
 With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
 And 77 Taunts alternate innocently flew. 250
 But Times corrupt, and 78 Nature, ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind ;
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
 At length, by wholesome 79 dread of statutes bound,
 The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound :
 Most warp'd to 80 Flatt'ry's side ; but some, more nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. 260
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.

*Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
 77 Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit ;
 Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
 Lusst amabiliter : 78 donec jam sævus apertam
 In rabiem verti cæpit jocus, & per honestas
 Ire domos impune minax. Doluere cruento
 Dente laceßti : fuit intactis quoque cura
 Conditione super communi : 79 quin etiam lex
 Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
 Describi. Vertere modum, formidine sustis
 Ad 80 benedicendum, delectandumque redacti.*

81 We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
 Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265
 Wit grew polite, and 82 Numbers learn'd to flow.
 * Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join }
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
 The long majestic March, and Energy divine.
 Tho' still some traces of our 83 rustic vein 270
 And splay-foot verse remain'd, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctneis grew our care,
 When the tir'd Nation 84 breath'd from civil war.
 Exact 85 Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Shew'd us that France had something to admire. 275
 Not but the 86 Tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:

81 *Græcia capta, ferum victorem cepit, & Artes
 Intulit agresti Latio, sic horridus ille
 Defluxit 82 numerus Saturnius, & grave virus
 Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum
 Manserunt, bodieque manent, 83 vestigia ruris.
 Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
 Et post 84 Punica bella quietus, quærere cæpit,
 Quid 85 Sophocles, & Thespis, & Æschylus utile ferrent:
 Tentavit quoque rem si digne vertere posset;
 Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis, & acer:
 Nam 86 spirat tragicum satis, & feliciter audet:*

* Mr. Waller about this time with the E. of Dorset,
 Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of
 Corneille; and the more correct French Poets began
 to be in reputation.

But

But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And 87 fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
 The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
 Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
 The 88 humbler Muse of Comedy require?
 But in known Images of life, I guess
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less. 89 285
 Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
 Tell me if 90 Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
 What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted Wit!
 The stage how 92 loosely does * Astræa tread, 290
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed:
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky 91 eat with vast applause!
 But fill their 93 purse, our Poet's work is done,
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 295

Sed 87 turpem putat in scriptis, metuitque lituram.

*Creditur, ex 88 medio quia res arcessit, habere
 Sudoris minimum: sed habet comœdia tanto
 Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. 89 Aspice Plantus
 Quo pacto 90 partes tutetur amantis ephebi,
 Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi?
 Quantus sit Dorsennus 91 edacibus in parasitis!
 Quam 92 non astricto percurrat pulpita focco!
 Gessit enim 93 nummum in oculos demittere, post hoc
 Securus, cadat, an recto stet fabula talo.*

* Astræa, a Name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoress
 of several obscene Plays, &c.

O you! whom 94 Vanity's light bark conveys
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your Course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or born too high!
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
 95 Farewel the stage! if just as thrives the play,
 The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

96 There still remains to mortify a Wit,
 The many-headed Monster of the Pit: 305
 A sense-less, worthless, and un-honour'd croud;
 Who 97 to disturb their betters mighty proud,
 Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
 Call for the Farce, the 98 Bear, or the Black-joke,
 What dear delight to Britons Farce affords! 310
 Farce once the taste of Mobs, but now 99 of Lords;
 (For Taste, eternal wanderer, now flies
 From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)

*Quem tulit ad scenam 94 ventoso gloria curru,
 Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus instat:
 Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
 Subruit, aut reficit: 95 valeat res ludicra! si me
 Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.*

96 Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;
 Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
 Indocti, stolidique, & 97 depugnare parati
 Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
 Aut 98 ursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.
 Verum 99 Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
 Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.

The

The Play stands still ; damn action and discourse,
 Back fly the scenes, and enter foot 100 and horse ; 315
 Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
 Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn ;
 The Champion too ! and, to complete the jest,
 * Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.
 With 101 laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
 Let Bear or 102 Elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the sight !
 Ah luckless 103 Poet ! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more ; 325

*Quatuor aut plures aulae premuntur in horas ;
 Dum fugiunt 100 equitum turmae, peditumque catervae :
 Mox trahitur manibus Regum fortuna retortis ;
 Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves,
 Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
 101 Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus ; seu
 Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
 Sive 102 elephas albus vulgi converteret ora :
 Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
 Ut sibi praebentem mimo spectacula plura :
 Scriptores autem 103 narrare putaret asello
 Fabellam furdo.*

* The Coronation of Henry the Eighth and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouses vyed with each other to represent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion.

While all its 104 throats the Gallery extends,
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
 Loud as the Wolves, on 105 Orcas' * stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's 106 petticoat;
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the 107-lost Actor in the tawdry load.
 Booth enters — hark! the Universal peal!
 "But has he spoken?" Not a syllable. 335
 "What shook the stage, and made the people stare?"
 108 Cato's long Wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
 Yet lest you think I railly more than teach,
 Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
 Let me for once presume t'instruct the times, 340
 To know the Poet from the Man of rymes:

*Nam quæ 104 pervincere voces
 Evaluere sonum referunt quem nostra theatra?
 105 Garganum magis putes nemus, aut mare Tuscam;
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, & artes,
 106 Divitiæque peregrinæ, quibus 107 oblitus actor
 Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera lævæ.
 "Dixit adhuc aliquid?" Nil sanè. Quid placet ergo?
 108 Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
 Ac ne forte putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
 Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
 Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur*

* Orcas' stormy steep.] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades.

'Tis

'Tis He, 110 who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each passion that he feigns,
 Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
 With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart, 345
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

111 But not this part of the Poetic state
 Alone, deserves the favour of the Great :
 Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely 350
 More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing ?
 Who climb their Mountain, or who taste their spring ?
 How shall we fill 112 a * Library with Wit,
 When † Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet ? 355

*Ira Poeta, 110 meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
 Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
 Ut magus, & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
 111 Verum age, & his, qui se lectori credere malunt,
 Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,
 Curam redde brevem : si 112 manus Apolline dignum
 Vis complere libris, & vatibus addere calcar,
 Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem,*

* *Munus Apolline dignum.*] The Palatine Library
 then building by Augustus.

† *Merlin's Cave.*] A Building in the Royal Gardens
 of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection
 of Books.

My Liege ! why Writers little claim your thought,
 I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault :
 We 113 Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd :
 The 114 season, when to come, and when to go, 360
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience, just like other men.
 Then too we hurt our selves, when to defend
 A 115 single verse, we quarrel with a friend ; 365
 Repeat 116 unask'd ; lament, the 117 Wit's too fine
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
 But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
 We needs will write Epistles to the King ;
 And 118 from the moment we oblige the town, 370
 Expect a place, or pension from the Crown ;
 Or dubb'd **H**istorians by expresse command,
 T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
 Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
 As once for Louïs, Boileau and Racine. 375

113 *Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetae,*
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) cum tibi librum
 114 *Sollicito damus aut fesso : cum lædimur, 115 unum*
Si quis amicorum est ausus reprehendere verum :
Cum loca iam 116 recitata revolvimus irrevocati :
Cum 117 lamentamur non apparere labores
Nostros, & tenui deducta poemata filo :
 Cum 118 *speramus eo rem venturam, ut simul atque*
Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arcessas, & egere vetes, & scribere cogas.

Yet

Yet 119 think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)
 Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?
 Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,
 Fit to bestow the 120 Laureat's weighty place.

121 Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
 And great 122 Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
 But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit. 385
 The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
 Which made old Ben, and furly Dennis swear,
 "No Lord's anointed, but a 123 Russian Bear.

*Sed tamen est 119 operæ pretium cognoscere, quales
 Aedituos habeat belli spectata domique
 Virtus, 120 indigno non committenda poetæ.*

121 *Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
 Chærilus, incultis qui versibus & male natis
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
 Qui tam Ridiculum tam carè prodigus emit,
 Edicto vetuit, ne quis se, præter Apellem,
 Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra
 Fortis 122 Alexandri vultum simulantia: quod si
 Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
 Ad libros, & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares,
 123 Bæotum in crasso jurares aëre natum,*

[At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
 Munera quæ, multa dantis cum laude, rulerunt
 Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ:]

Not with such 124 majesty, such bold relief, 390
 The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.
 Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
 Your 125 Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing! 395
 What 126 seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
 Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
 How 127 barb'rous rage subided at your word,
 And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400
 128 Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
 Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And 129 Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne —
 But 130 Verse alas! your Majesty disdains:
 And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains: 405

*Nec magis expressi 124 vultus per abenea signa,
 Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
 Clarorum apparent: Nec sermones ego malle
 Repentes per humum, 125 quam res componere gestas;
 Terrarumque 126 situs, & flumina dicere, & arces
 Montibus impositas; & 127 barbara regna, tuisque
 Auspiciis totum 128 confecta duella per orbem,
 Claustraque 128 Custodem Pacis cohibentia Janum,
 Et 129 formidatam Parthis, te Principe, Ramam.
 Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque: sed neque parvum
 130 Carmen Majestas recipit tua, nec meus audet
 Rem tentare pudor, quem vires ferre recusant.*

The Zeal of 131 Fools offends at any time,
 But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in ryme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise, they say 132 I bite.
 A vile 133 Encomium doubly ridicules : 410
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools ;
 If true, a 134 woful likeness, and if lyes,
 " Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise :"
 Well may he 135 blush, who gives it, or receives ;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415
 (Like 136 Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden, Philips, Settle writ of Kings)
 Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Sohoe.

*Sedulitas autem 131 stultè quem diligit, urget,
 Præcipuè cum se numeris commendat & arte.
 Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud.
 Quod quis 132 deridet, quam quod probat & veneratur,
 Nil moror 133 officium quod me gravat ; ac neque ficto
 In 134 pejus vultu proponi cæcus usquam,
 Nec pravè factis decorari versibus, opto :
 Ne 135 rubeam pingui donatus munere ; & una
 Cum 136 scriptore meo, capsâ porrectus aperta,
 Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
 Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.*



The first of the three books of the first part of the
History of the County of Kent, in the reign of
Richard the First, is a history of the County of Kent,
from the time of the Conquest to the death of
Aurelius Augustus, who was the last of the
Emperors of the Roman Empire. The second book
is a history of the County of Kent, from the death of
Aurelius Augustus to the death of King
Alfred the Great. The third book is a history of the
County of Kent, from the death of King Alfred the
Great to the present time.

The first of the three books of the second part of the
History of the County of Kent, is a history of the
County of Kent, from the death of King Alfred the
Great to the death of King Henry the First. The
second book is a history of the County of Kent, from
the death of King Henry the First to the death of
King Richard the First. The third book is a history
of the County of Kent, from the death of King
Richard the First to the present time.

THE
SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

Ludentis speciem dabit, & torquebitur. Hor.

THE
SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE

Industriae species debet & diligentia. Hor.

THE
SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

DEAR I Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's Friend!
You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

2 A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins — " This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
" Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd! 5
" My only son, I'd have him see the world:

1 *Flore, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,*
2 *Si quis fortè velit puerum tibi vendere natum*
Tibure vel Gabiis: & tecum sic agat: " Hic &
" Candidus, & talos à vertice pulcher ad imos,

" His

" His French is pure ; his Voice too — you shall hear —
 " Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.
 " Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
 " Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please : 10
 " A perfect genius at an Opera-song —
 " To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
 " Take him with all his virtues, on my word ;
 " His whole ambition was to serve a Lord,
 " But Sir, to you, with what would I not part ? 15
 " Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
 " Once, (and but once) I caught him in a lye,
 " And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry :
 " The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 " (Cou'd you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal.
 " 3 If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Cou'd you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad ?

" Fiet, eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo,
 " Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus horiles,
 " Litterulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
 " Cuilibet : argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ.
 " Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.
 " Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius æquo
 " Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
 " Res urget me nulla : meo sum pauper in ære.
 " Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi : non temere à me
 " Quivis ferret idem, semel hic cessavit : & ut fit,
 " In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ.
 " Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga lædat.
 " 3 Ille ferat pretium, pœna securus, opinor.
 Prudens emisisti viciosum : dicta tibi est lex.

Faith,

Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think * Sir Godfry should decide the suit ;
Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash, away, 25
And punish'd him that put it in his way.

4 Consider then, and judge me in this light ;
I told you when I went, I could not write ;
You said the same, and are you discontent
With Laws, to which you gave your own assent ? 30

Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time !
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme ?
5 In ANNA'S Wars, a Soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold :
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35
He slept, poor dog ! and lost it, to a doit,
This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind, }

Insequeris tamen hunc, & lite moraris iniquâ.

4 *Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum : ne mea sævus
Furgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas ? quereris super hoc etiam, quoa
Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.*

5 *Luculli miles collecta viatica, multis
Ærumnis lassus dum noctu serti, ad assem
Perdiderat : post hoc vehemens lupo, & sibi & hosti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,*

* An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much
in the manner of Sancho Pança.

He

He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall, 40
 Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
 "Prodigious well!" his great Commander cry'd,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and it's no great matter) 45
 "Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) see yonder walls
 Advance and conquer! go where glory calls
 "More honours, more rewards, attend the brave"
 Don't you remember what reply he gave?
 "D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a Sot?" 50
 "Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
 6 Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read in Greek, the wrath of Pelus' son.
 Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,
 The better art to know the good from bad: 55

*Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
 Summè munito, & multarum divite rerum.
 Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
 Accipit & bis dena super sestertia nummum.
 Forte sub hoc tempus castellum evertere prætor
 Nescio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem
 Verbis, quæ timido quoque possent addere mentem:
 I bene, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,
 Grandia laturus meritorum præmia. quid stas?
 Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, "Ibit,
 "Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.
 6 Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
 Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
 Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ:
 Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,*

(And

(And little sure imported to remove,
 To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
 But knottier points we knew not half so well,
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell ;
 And certain Laws, by suff'ers thought unjust, 60
 Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust :
 Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
 While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
 For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind, 65
 And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it ;
 Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
 But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
 Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
 Sure I should want the care of ten * Monroes, 70
 If I would scribble, rather than repose.
 7 Years foll'wing years, steal something ev'ry day,
 At last they steal us from our selves away ;

*Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum.
 Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato ;
 Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,
 Cæsar's Augusti non responsura lacertis.
 Unde simul primùm me dimisere Philippi,
 Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
 Et laris & fundi, paupertas impulit audax
 Ut versus facerem : sed, quod non desit, habentem,
 Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutæ,
 Ni melius dormire putem, quàm scribere versus ?
 7 Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes ;*

* DR. MONROE, Physician to Bedlam Hospital.

In one our Frolicks, one Amusements end,
 In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend : 75
 This subtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme ?
 If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still.

8 But after all, what wou'd you have me do ? 80
 When out of twenty I can please not two ;
 When this Heroicks only deigns to praise,
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindarick lays ?
 One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg ;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg ; 85
 Hard task ! to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.

9 But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme, can London be the place ?
 Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends,
 In crouds, and courts, law, busines, feasts and friends,

*Eripuerè jocos, venerem, convivìa, ludum ;
 Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis ?
 8 Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
 Carmine tu gaudes : hic delectatur iambis ;
 Ille Bionis sermonibus, & sale nigro.
 Tres mihi convivia prope dissentire videntur,
 Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
 Quid dem ? quid non dem ? renuis tu quod jubet alter :
 Quod petis, id sanè est invisum acidumque ducbus.*

9 *Præter cætera, me Romæne poemata censes
 Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores ?*

My counsel sends to execute a deed :
 A Poet begs me, I will hear him read :
 In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
 At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry-square—
 Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on— 95
 There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—
 " Oh but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
 " And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
 Not quite ſo well however as one ought ; 100
 A hackney-coach may chance to ſpoil a thought,
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
 Have you not ſeen, at Guild-hall's narrow paſs,
 Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs ? 105
 And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
 Ev'n to their own S-r-v--rance in a Car ?
 10 Go, lofty Poet ! and in ſuch a croud,
 Sing thy ſonorous verſe — but not aloud.

*Hic ſponſum vocat, hic auditum ſcripta, relictis
 Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
 Hic extremo in Aventino; viſendus uterque.
 Intervalla vides humane commoda! "Verum
 " Præ ſunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet."
 Feſtinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor;
 Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
 Triftia robustis luctantur funera plauſtris:
 Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.
 10 I nunc, & verſus tecum meditare canoros.*

Alas! to Grotto's and to Groves we run, 110
 To Ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son:
 Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
 Would drink and doze at * Tooting or Earl's Court.
 How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
 How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
 11 The Man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat 116
 To books and study gives sev'n years compleat,
 See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
 He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare: 120
 So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
 Stept from its pedestal to take the air!
 And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;
 Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125
 Composing songs, for Fools to get by heart?

*Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes,
 Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis & umbra.
 Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
 Vis canera, & contacta sequi vestigia vatum?*
 11 *Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas,
 Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
 Libris & curis, statuâ taciturnius exit
 Plerumque, & risu populum quatit: hic ego rerum
 Flactibus in mediis, & tempestatibus Urbis,
 Verba lyræ motura sonum conneſcere digner?*

* Two Villages within a few miles of London.

12 The Temple late to brother Sergeants law,
 Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law ;
 With equal talents, these congenial souls
 One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls; 130
 Each had a gravity wou'd make you split,
 And shook his head at M——y, as a Wit.
 'Twas, "Sir, your law"--and "Sir, your eloquence"--
 "Yours, Cooper's manner-- and yours Talbot's Sense."

13 Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135
 Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
 Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the Nine
 Dear Cibber ! never match'd one Ode of thine.
 Lord ! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave, to see
 No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please.
 " My dear Tibullus !" if that will not do,
 " Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you :

12 *Frater erat Romæ Consulti Rhetor ; ut alter
 Alterius sermone meros audiret honores :*

Gracchus ut hic illi foret, hic ut Mucius illi.

Quî minûs argutos vexat furor iste poetas ?

13 *Carmina compono, hic elegos ; mirabile visu !*

" Cælatumque novem Musis opus !" aspice primum,

*Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
 spectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.*

Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, & procul audi,

Quid ferat, & quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.

Cædimur, & totidem plagis consumimus hostem,

Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.

Discedo Alcæus puncto illius ; ille meo quis ?

" Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains, 145

" And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace

This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhiming race;

And much must flatter, if the whim should bite

To court applause by printing what I write: 150

But let the Fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough,

To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

14 In vain bad Rhimers all mankind reject,

They treat themselves with most profound respect;

'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue. 155

Each prais'd within, is happy all day long.

But how severely with themselves proceed

The men, who write such Verse as we can read?

Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare

That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care, 160

Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,

Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace;

Quis, nisi Callimachus? si plus adposcere visus,

Fit Mimnermus, & optivo cognomine crescit.

Multa fero, ut placeam genus irritabile vatum.

Cum scribo, & supplex populi suffragia capto:

Idem, finitis studiis, & mente receptâ.

Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.

14 *Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum*

Gaudent scribentes, & se venerantur, & ultro,

Si taceas, laudant quidquid scripsere, beati.

At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti:

Audebit quæcunque parum splendoris habebunt,

Such

Such they'll degrade ; and sometimes in its stead,
 15 In downright charity revive the dead ;
 Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165
 Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years ;
 Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
 Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake ;
 Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
 (For Use will father what's begot by Sense) 170
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue ;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line ; 175
 Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please :
 " But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance,
 " As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

*Et sine pondere erunt, & honore indigna ferantur,
 Verba movere loco ; quamvis invita recedant,
 Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ :
 15 Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
 Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
 Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
 Nunc situs informis premit & deserta vetustas :
 Adsciscet nova, quæ genitor produxerit usus :
 Vehemens & liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
 Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite linguâ :
 Luxuriantia compescet : nimis aspera sano
 Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet.
 Ludentis speciem dabit, & torquebitur ; ut qui
 Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur :*

16 If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
 Call, if you will, bad rhiming a disease;
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
 There liv'd *in prima Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord;
 Who, tho' the House was up, delighter fate;
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
 In all but this, a man of sober life,
 Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife,
 Not quite a mad-man, tho' a pasty fell,
 And much too wise to walk into a well.
 Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they cur'd:
 Whereat the gentleman began to stare —
 My Friends? he cry'd, p—x take you for your care!

16 *Prætulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,
 Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
 Quàm sapere, & ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragædos,
 In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro:
 Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
 More; bonus sanè vicinus, amabilis hospes,
 Comes in uxorem; posset qui ignoscere servis,
 Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ:
 Posset qui rupem, & putcum vitare patèntem.
 Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus,
 Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
 Et redit ad sese: "Pol me occidistis, amici,*

That

That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note, 196
Have bled, and purg'd me to a simple Vote.

17 Well, on the whole, plain Prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.

There is a time when Poets will grow dull: 200

I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:

To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,

I learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind,

Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,

And keep the equal measure of the Soul. 205

18 Soon as I enter at my country door,

My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;

Thoughts, which at Hyde-Park-corner I forgot,

Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive Gro.

There all alone, and compliments apart, 210

I ask these sober questions of my heart.

19 If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,

You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,

The more you want, why not with equal ease

Confess as well your Folly, as Disease? 215

*Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demtus per vim mentis gratissimus error.*

17 *Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum;*

18 *Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed veræ numerosque modosque ediscere vitæ.*

Quæcirca mecum loquor hæc, tacitusque recorder:

19 *Sì tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphæ,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parasti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?*

The

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
 "Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."

20 When golden Angels cease to cure the evil,
 You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
 When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place 220
 Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
 Look in that breast, most dirty Duke! be fair,
 Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
 Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
 You go to church to hear these Flatterers preach. 225

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
 A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
 The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
 If vile Van-muck lov'd sixpence, more than he.

21 If there be truth in Law, and Use can give 230
 A Property, that's yours on which you live.
 Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:

20 *Si vulnus tibi monstratâ radice vel herbâ
 Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
 Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
 Rem Dî donarent, illi decedere pravam
 Stultitiam; Et cùm sis nibilo sapientior, ex quo
 Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus iisdem?*

*At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent,
 Si cupidum timidumque minùs te; nempe ruberes,
 Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.*

21 *Si proprium est, quod quis librâ mercatus Et ære est,
 Quædam (si credis consultis) mancipat usus:
 Qui te pascit ager, tuus est; Et villicus Orbi,
 Cùm segetes occat, tibi mox frumenta daturus,
 Te dominum sentit —*

All 22 Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,
 His Ven'son too, a guinea makes your own : 235
 He bought at thousands, what with better wit
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
 Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?
 You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
 23 Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men, 240
 Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,
 Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat,
 Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.
 Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own
 Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town. 245
 The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
 Abhor, a Perpetuity should stand :
 Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
 24 Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
 Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.

22 ——— *das nummos ; accipis uvam,*
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti : nempe modo isto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
Aut etiam supra nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert vivas numerato nuper, an olim ?

23 *Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis & arvi,*
Emtum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat ; emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat abenum.
Sed vocat usque suum, quâ populus adfita certis
Limitibus vicina refugit jurgia : tanquam
 24 *Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,*
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc sorte supremâ,
Permutet dominos, & cedat in altera jura.

Man ?

*Man? and for ever? wretch! what wou'dst thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.*

All vast possessions (just the same the case

Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace) 255

Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?

Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,

Let rising Granaries and Temples here,

There mingled farms and Pyramids appear,

Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260

Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!

Inexorable Death shall level all,

And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

25 Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,

Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265

There are who have not—and thank heav'n there are,

Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

26 Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll

Two of a face, as soon as of a mind. [find

Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270

Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;

Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, & hæres

Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam:

Quid vici prosunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris

Salibus adjecti Lucani; si metis Orcus

Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

25 Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,

Argentum, vestes Gætulo murice tinctas,

Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curet habere.

26 Cur alter fratrum cessare, & ludere, & ungi.

Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter

Dives & importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu

The

The other flights, for women, sports, and wines,
 All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grovenor's mines :
 Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content,
 Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament ; 275
 One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of soul,
 Shall fly, like Oglethorp, from pole to pole :
 Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
 Who forms the Genius in the natal hour ;
 That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will ;
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,
 Each individual : His great End the same.

27 Yes Sir, how small soever be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep. 285
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
 A man so poor wou'd live without a place :
 But sure no statute in his favour says,
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days :
 I, who at some times spend, at others spare, 290
 Divided between carlesness and care.

*Silvestrem flammis & ferro mitiget agrum ;
 Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum :
 NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ, mortalis in unum-
 quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus & ater.*

27 Utar, & ex modico, quantum res poscit, acervo
 Tollam : nec metuam, quid de me judicet hæres,
 Quod non plura datis invenerit. & tamen idem
 Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
 Discrepet, & quantum discordet parcus avaro ;
 Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumtum
 Invitus facias, neque plura parare labores ;

'Tis

'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store,
 Another, not to heed to treasure more ;
 Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,
 And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away. 295

28 What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
 Whether my vessel be first-rate or not ?
 The Ship it self may make a better figure,
 But I that fail, am neither less nor bigger.
 I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, 300
 Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
 In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
 Behind the foremost, and before the last.

29 " But why all this of Av'rice ? I have none."
 I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone : 305
 But does no other lord it at this hour,
 As wild and mad ? the Avarice of pow'r ?
 Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall ?
 Not the black fear of death, that saddens all ?

*An potiùs, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,
 Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.*

28 *Pauperies immunda domùs procul absit. ego, utrùm
 Nave ferar magnà an parvâ ; ferar unus & idem.*

Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo :

Non tamen adversis ætatem aucimus Austris.

*Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,
 Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.*

29 *Non es avarus : abi. quid ? cætera jam simul isto
 Cum vitio fugere ? caret tibi pectus inani
 Ambitione ? caret mortis formidine & irâ ?*

With

With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne, 310
 Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
 Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
 In spight of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
 Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
 And count each birth-day with a grateful mind? 315
 Has life no founness, drawn so near its end?
 Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
 Has age but melted the rough parts away,
 As winter-fruits grow mild e'er they decay?
 Or will you think, my friend, your business done, 320
 When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
 30 Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
 You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
 Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
 Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage: 325
 Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
 Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
 Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?
 Natales gratè numeras? ignoscis amicis?
 Lenior & melior sis accedente senectâ?
 Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?
 30 Vivere si rectè nescis, decede peritis.
 Lufisti satîs, edisti satîs, atque bibisti:
 Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius æquo
 Rideat, & pulset lasciva decentius ætas.*

The FIRST ODE
Of the FOURTH BOOK of
HORACE.

To VENUS.

A GAIN? new Tumults in my breast;
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne.
Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy Charms.
Mother too fierce of dear Desires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
To Number five direct your Doves,
There spread round M**y all your blooming Loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Mistress, or to fix the Friend.

I NTERMISSA *Venus diu*
Rursus bella moves? parce precor, precor!
Non sum qualis eram, bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ; Desine, dulcium
Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempestivius in domo
Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,

He,

ODE I. BOOK IV, &c. 97

He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind :
 To him each Rival shall submit,
 Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.
 Then shall thy Form the Marble grace,
 (Thy Græcian Form, and Chloe lend the Face ;
 His House, embosom'd in the Grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,
 Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene :
 Thither, the silver-sounding Lyres
 Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires ;
 There, every Grace and Muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song ;
 There Youths and Nymphs, in consort gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
 With me, alas ! those joys are o'er ;
 For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.

*Comessabere Maximi,
 Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
 Namque & nobilis & decens,
 Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,
 Et centum puer artium,
 Latè signa feret militiæ tuæ.
 Et quandoque potentior
 Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,
 Albanos prope te lacus
 Ponet marmoream, sub trabe citrea.
 Illic plurima naribus
 Duces thura ; lyræque & Borecynthiæ
 Delectabere tibiæ
 Mistis carminibus, non sine fistulâ.*

98 ODE I. BOOK IV, &c.

Adieu ! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still-believing, still-renew'd desire ;
Adieu ! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind Deceivers of the soul !

—— But why ? ah tell me, ah too dear !
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear ?

Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee ?

Thee, drest in Fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow thro' th' extended Dream ;

Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst, (ah cruel !) from my arms ;

And swiftly shoot along the Mall,

Or softly glide by the Canal,

Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,

And now, on rolling waters snatch'd away.

*Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatiant humum.*

*Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero :
Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.*

—— *Sed cur, heu ! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas ?
Cur facunda parum decora
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio ?*

*Nocturnis te ego somniis
Jam captum teneo : jam volucrem sequor
Te, per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.*



THE
SIXTH SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

The first Part imitated in the Year 1714, by
Dr. *Swift*; the latter Part now first added.

NO. 1. BOOK 1. 1800

THE
SIXTH
PART
OF
THE
SECOND
BOOK

HORACE

THE FIRST PART
OF
THE
SECOND
BOOK

HORACE

THE FIRST PART
OF
THE
SECOND
BOOK

HORACE

THE
SIXTH SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
A River at my garden's end,
A Terras-walk, and half a Rood
Of Land, set out to plant a Wood.

*HOC erat in votis; modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret: cælii atque*

Well, now I have all this and more,
 I ask not to encrease my store ;
 ' But here a Grievance seems to lie,
 ' All this is mine but till I die ; 10
 ' I can't but think 'twou'd sound more clever,
 ' To me and to my Heirs for ever.
 ' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
 ' By any Trick, or any Fault ;
 ' And if I pray by Reason's rules, 15
 ' And not like forty other Fools ;
 ' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker !
 " To grant me this and t'other Acre :
 " Or if it be thy Will and Pleasure,
 " Direct my Plow to find a Treasure : " 20
 ' But only what my Station fits,
 ' And to be kept in my right wits.
 ' Preserve, Almighty Providence !
 ' Just what you gave me, Competence :

*Dii melius fecere : bene est : nil amplius oro,
 Maia nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.
 Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
 Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem ;
 Si veneror stultus nihil horum ; O si angulus ille
 Proximus accedat. qui nunc denormat agellum !
 O si urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monstret, ut illi,
 Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
 Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
 Hercule ! si quod adest, gratum juvat ; hac prece te oro
 Pingue pecus domino facius, & cætera, præter
 Ingenium ; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis !*

And

And let me in these shades compose 25

Something in Verse as true as Prose;

Remov'd from all th' Ambitious Scene,

Nor puff'd by Pride, nor sunk by Spleen.

In short, I'm perfectly content,

Let me but live on this side Trent; 30

Nor cross the Channel twice a year,

To spend six months with Statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,

'Tis for the service of the Crown.

Lewis, the Dean will be of use, 35

Send for him up, take no excuse.

The toil, the danger of the Seas;

Great Ministers ne'er think of these;

Or let it cost five hundred pound,

No matter where the money's found; 40

It is but so much more in debt,

And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr. Dean go change your gown,

" Let my Lord know you're come to town.

*Ergo ubi me in montes & in arcem ex urbe removi,
 Quid prius illustrem Satiris, Musaque pedestri?
 Nec mala me Ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
 Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerba.
 Matutine pater, seu Jave libentius audis,
 Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores
 Instituunt (sic diis placitum) tu carminis esto
 Principium — Romæ sponsorem me rapis: eja,
 Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, argue:*

I hurry me in haste away, 45
 Not thinking it is Levee-day ;
 And find his Honour in a Pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
 Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green ;
 How should I thrust my self between ? 50
 Some Wag observes me thus perplex'd,
 And smiling, whispers to the next,
 " I thought the Dean had been too proud,
 " To juggle here among a croud,"
 Another in a surly fit, 55
 Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,
 " So eager to express your love,
 " You ne'er consider whom you shove,
 " But rudely press before a Duke.
 I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke, 60
 And take it kindly meant to show
 What I desire the World should know.
 I get a whisper, and withdraw ;
 When twenty Fools I never saw

*Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
 Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
 Postmodo, quod mihi obstitit, clare certumque locuto,
 Luctandum in turba ; facienda injuria tardis :
 Quid vis insane ? & quas res agis ? Improbus urguet
 Iratis precibus ; tu pulses omne quod obstat,
 Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.
 Hoc juvat, & melli est, non mentiar : at simul atras
 Ventum est Esquiliæ, aliena negotia centum*

Come

Come with Petitions fairly penn'd, 65
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his Case —
That, begs my int'rest for a Place —
A hundred other Men's affairs
Like bees, are humming in my ears. 70

" To-morrow my Appeal comes on,
' Without your help the Cause is gone —
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great Affair, at Two —

" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind, 75

" To get my Warrant quickly sign'd ;
" Consider, 'tis my first request. —
Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best : —

Then presently he falls to teize,
" You may for certain, if you please ; 80

" I doubt not, if his Lordship knew —
And Mr. Dean, one word from you —

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)

Since HARLEY bid me first attend, 85
And chose me for an humble friend ;

Per caput & circa salient latus. Ante secundam

Roscus orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.

De re communi scribæ magna atque nova te

Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.

Imprimat his cura Mæcenat signa tabellis.

Dixeris, Experiar : Si vis, potes addit, & instat.

Septimus octavo propior jam fuerit annus,

Ex quo Mæcenat me cæpit habere suorum

Wou'd

Wou'd take me in his Coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that;
 As, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the Wind?"
 "Who's Chariot's that we left behind?" 90
 Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the Country Signs;
 Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
 "From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?"
 Such tattle often entertains 95
 My Lord and me as far as Stains,
 As once a week we travel down
 To Windfor, and again to Town,
 Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross. 100
 Yet some I know with envy swell,
 Because they see me us'd so well:
 "How think you of our Friend the Dean?"
 "I wonder what some people mean;
 "My Lord and he are grown so great, 105
 "Always together, *tête à tête*,
 "What, they admire him for his jokes —
 "See but the fortune of some Folks!

*In numero, duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
 Vellet, iter faciens, & cui concedere nugas
 Hoc genus; Hora quota est? Thrax est Gallina Syro par?
 Matutina parum cantos jam frigora mordent:
 Et quæ rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.
 Per totum hoc tempus subjectior in diem & horam
 Invidiæ. Noster ludos spectaverat una;
 Luferat in Campo: Fortunæ filius; omnes.*

There

There flies about a strange report
Of some Express arriv'd at Court; 110
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

" You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;

" Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?

" Or do the Prints and Papers lye? 115

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

" Ah Doctor, how you love to jest?

" 'Tis now no secret — I protest

'Tis one to me — " Then tell us, pray,

" When are the Troops to have their pay? 125

And, tho' I solemnly declare

I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

They stand amaz'd, and think me grown

The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tofs'd, 125

My choicest Hours of life are lost;

Frigidus a Rostris manat per compita rumor:

Quicumque obvius est, me consulit; O bone (nam te

Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)

Num quid de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem: Ut tu

Semper eris derisor! At omnes Dii exagitent me,

Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promissa Triquetra

Prædia Cæsar, an est Itala tellure daturus?

Jurantem me scire nihil mirantur ut unum

Scilicet egregii mortalem altique silenti.

Perditur hæc inter misero lux, non sine votis:

Yet

Yet always wishing to retreat,
 Oh, could I see my Country Seat!
 There leaning near a gentle Brook,
 Sleep, or peruse some ancient Book, 130
 And there in sweet oblivion drown
 Those Cares that haunt the Court and Town.

O charming Noons! and Nights divine!
 Or when I sup, or when I dine,
 My Friends above, my Folks below, 135
 Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
 The Beans and Bacon set before 'em,
 The Grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
 Each willing to be pleas'd, and please, 140
 And ev'n the very Dogs at ease!
 Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings,
 A Neighbour's Madness, or his Spouse's,
 Or what's in either of the Houses: 145

*O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,
 Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis,
 Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivio vitæ!
 O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
 Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?
 O noctes cœnæque desim! quibus ipse meique,
 Ante larem proprium vescor, vernasque procaces
 Pasco libatis dapibus. Prout cuique libido est,
 Siccat inæquales calices conviva solutus
 Legibus insanis; seu quis capit acria fortis
 Pocula, seu modicis uvescit lætius. Ergo
 Sermo eritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,*

But

But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn :

Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of Merit, or a Miser ?

Whether we ought to chuse our Friends, 150
For their own Worth, or our own Ends ?

What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all ?

Our Friend Dan Prior, told (you know)
A Tale extreamly *à propos* : 155

Name a Town-Life, and in a trice,
He had a Story of *two Mice*.

Once on a time (so runs the Fable)
A country Moufe, right hospitable,

Receiv'd a Town Moufe at his Board, 160
Just as a Farmer might a Lord.

A frugal Moufe upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,

*Nec, male necne Lepos saltet ; sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, & nescire malum est, agitamus ; utrumne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati ?*

*Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne trahat nos ?
Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus ?*

*Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. Siquis nam laudat Arelli*

*Solicitas ignarus opes, sic incipit : Olim
Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fortur*

Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum ;
Knew

Knew what was handsome, and wou'd do't,
 On just occasion, *coute qui coute*. 165
 He brought him Bacon (nothing lean)
 Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
 Cheefe, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
 Yet to his Guest tho' no way sparing, 170
 He eat himself the rind and paring.
 Our Courtier scarce could touch a bit,
 But show'd his Breeding and his Wit;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat. 175
 "As sweet a Cave as one shall see!
 "A most Romantic hollow Tree!
 "A pretty kind of savage Scene!
 "But come, for God's sake, live with Men:
 "Confider, Mice, like Men, must die, 180
 "Both small and great, both you and I:

*Asper, & attentus quæsit, ut tamen arctum
 Solveret hospitii animum: quid multa? neque ille
 Sepositi ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:
 Aridum & ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi
 Frustra dedit, cupiens varia fastidia cæna
 Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo:
 Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in borna
 Effet ador lolilumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
 Tandem Urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
 Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?
 Vis tu homines urbemque feris præponere sylvis?
 Carpe viam (mibi crede) comes, terrestria quando
 Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est
 Aut magno aut parvo leti fuga: quo bone circa,*

"Then

"Then spend your life in Joy and Sport,
 "(This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court.)

The veriest Hermit in the Nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation. 185
 Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn;
 ('Twas on the night of a Debate,
 When all their Lordship's had sate late.)

Behold the place, where if a Poet 190
 Shin'd in Description, he might show it;
 Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with Silver all the walls;
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and Stucco floors: 195
 But let it (in a word) be said,
 The Moon was up, and Men a-bed,
 The Napkins white, the Carpet red:
 The Guests withdrawn had left the Treat,
 And down the Mice sate, tête à tête. 200

*Dum licet, in robis jucundis vive beatus:
 Vive memor quam sis ævi brevis. — Hæc ubi dicta
 Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exsilit: inde
 Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
 Mœnia nocturni subrepere: jamque tenebat
 Nox medium cœli spatium, cum ponit uterque
 In locuplete domo vestigia; rubra ubi cocco
 Tincta super lectos randeret vestis eburnos:
 Multaque de magna superessent fercula cœna,
 Quæ procul extrudis inerant besterna canistris.*

Our

Our Courtier skips from dish to dish,
Tastes for his Friend of Fowl and Fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
“*Que ça est bon ! Ah gouter ça !*

“That Jelly’s rich, this Malmsey healing, 205
“Pray dip your Whiskers and your Tail in.”

Was ever such a happy Swain ?

He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.

“I’m quite ashamed — ’tis mighty rude

“To eat so much — but all’s so good. 210

“I have a thousand thanks to give —

“My Lord alone knows how to live.”

No so sooner said, but from the Hall

Rush Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all :

“A Rat, a Rat ! clap to the door — 215

The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.

O for the heart of Homer’s Mice,

Or Gods to save them in a trice !

(It was by Providence they think,

For your damn’d Stucco has no chink.) 220

*Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit
Agrestem, veluti succinctus curstat hospes,
Continuatque dapes; nec non vernaliter ipsis
Fungitur officiis, prælambens omne quod affert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutata sorte, bonisque
Rebus agit lætum convivam; cum subita ingens
Valvarum strepitus lætis excussit utrumque;
Currere per totum pavidi conclave, magisque
Exanimis trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis*

“Now

" Now please your Honour, quoth the Peasant,
" This same *Dessert* is not so pleasant :
" Give me again my hollow Tree,
" A Crust of Bread, and Liberty !

*Personuit canibus. Tum rusticus, " Haud mihi vita
" Est opus hac, ait, & valeas : ne sylva cavusque
" Tutus ab insidiis tenni solabitur ervo.*

HORACE.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. Swift.

H THE

"Now please your honour, quoth the Postman,
 "This same Dyer is not so pleasant:
 "Give me again my hollow Trice,
 "A Crisp of Breech, and Liberty!"

"Persons of condition, thus restrain'd,
 "Fit open ear, and to receive the news
 "That of his highness' death, he had been told."

"The first of his highness' death, he had been told,
 "The first of his highness' death, he had been told,
 "The first of his highness' death, he had been told."

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'TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it — as you do at Court.

*Quinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror. Atqui*

You humour me when I am sick, 5
 Why not when I am splenatick?
 In town, what Objects could I meet?
 The shops shut up in every street,
 And Fun'erals black'ning all the Doors,
 And yet more melancholy Whores: 10
 And what a dust in ev'ry place?
 And a thin Court that wants your Face,
 And Fevers raging up and down,
 And P—x and P—* both in town!
 “The Dog-days are no more the case.” 15
 'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
 Then southward let your Bard retire,
 Hold out some months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
 And you shall see, the first warm Weather,
 Me and the Butterflies together. 20
 My Lord, your Favours well I know;
 'Tis with Distinction you bestow:

*Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem,
 Quam mihi das agro, labis egrotare timenti,
 Mæcenas, viviam: dum feus prima calorque
 Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris;
 Dum pueris omnis pater & matercula pallet;
 Officiosaque sedulitas, & opella forenfis
 Adducit febres, & testamenta resignat.
 Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris,
 Ad mare descendet vates tuus, & sibi parcat,
 Contractusque leget: te, dulcis amice, reviset
 Cum Zephyris, si concedes, & hirundine prima.
 Non quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,*

And

And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his Plumbs.

“ Pray take them, Sir, — Enough’s a Feast : 25

“ Eat some, and pocket up the rest —

What rob your Boys ? those pretty rogues ! —

“ No Sir, you’ll leave them to the Hogs.

Thus Fools with Compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye. 30

Scatter your Favours on a Fop,

Ingratitude’s the certain crop ;

And ’tis but just, I’ll tell you wherefore,

You gave the things you never care for.

A wise man always is or should 35

Be mighty ready to do good ;

But makes a diff’rence in his thought

Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.

Now this I’ll say, you’ll find in me

A safe Companion, and a free ; 40

Tu me fecisti locupletem : “ Vescere sodes.

Jam sat est. “ At tu quantum vis tolle. Benigne.

“ Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.

Tam teneor dono quam si dimittar onustus.

“ Ut libet : hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.

Prodigus & stultus donat quæ spernit & odit :

Hæc seges ingratos tulit, & feret omnibus annis.

Vir bonus & sapiens dignis ait esse paratus ;

Nec tamen ignorat quid dissent æra lupinis.

Dignum præstabo me etiam pro laude merentis.

But if you'd have me always near —

A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.

I hope it is your Resolution

To give me back my Constitution!

The sprightly Wit, the lively Eye,

Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,

That laugh'd down many a Summer's Sun,

And kept you up so oft till one;

And all that voluntary Vein,

As when Belinda rais'd my Strain.

A Weasel once made shift to slink

In at a Corn-lost thro' a Chink;

But having amply stuff'd his skin,

Could not get out as he got in:

Which one belonging to the House

('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouse)

Observing, cry'd, "You scape not so,

"Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."

Sir, you may spare your Application,

I'm no such Beast, nor his Relation;

Quod si me noles usquam discedere, reddes

Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos;

Reddes dulce loqui; reddes ridere decorum, &

Inter vina fugam Cynaræ macerare protervæ.

Forte per angustam tenuis nitedula rimam

Repserat in cumeram frumenti; postaque rursus

Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra:

Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait effugere istinc,

Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.

Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno:

Nor

Nor one that Temperance advance,
 Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans :
 Extremely ready to resign
 All that may make me none of mine.
 South-sea Subscriptions take who please, 65
 Leave me but Liberty and Ease.
 'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
 Who prais'd my Modesty, and smil'd.
 Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
 My Bread, and Independency ! 70
 So bought an Annual Rent or two.
 And liv'd — just as you see I do ;
 Near fifty, and without a Wife,
 I trust that sinking Fund, my Life.
 Can I retrench ? Yes, mighty well, 75
 Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,
 A little House, with Trees a-row,
 And like its Master, very low,
 There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better. 80

*Nec somnum plebis laudo, satur altitium, nec
 Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
 Sæpe verecundum laudâsti ; rexque paterque
 Audisti coram ; nec verbo parcius absens :
 Inspice si possum donata reponere lætus.*

** * * * **
*Parvum parva decent : mihi jam non regia Roma,
 Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbellè Tarentum.*

To

122 EPISTLES, &c.

To set this matter full before you,
Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.
"Harley, the Nation's great Support,"
But you may read it, I stop short.

Strenuus & fortis rebus Philippus agendis, &c.

THE

THE
SECOND SATIRE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE.

Imitated in the Manner of Mr. POPE.

THE
SECOND SATIRE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE.

THE Tribe of Templars, Play'rs, Apothecaries,
Pimps, Poets, Wits, Lord Fanny's, Lady Mary's,
And all the Court in tears, and half the Town,
Lament dear charming Oldfield, dead and gone!
Engaging Oldfield! who, with grace and ease, 5
Could join the Arts, to ruin, and to please.

*AMbubajarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici, mimæ, balatrone; hoc genus omne
Mæstum ac sollicitum est cantor is morte Tigelli:
Quippe Benignus erat*

Not

Not so, who of ten thousand gull'd her Knight,
Then ask'd ten thousand for a second Night :
The Gallant too, to whom she paid it down,
Liv'd to refuse that Mistress half a crown. 10

Con : Philips cries, " A sneaking dog I hate."
That's all three Lovers have for their Estate!
" Treat on, treat on," is her eternal note,
And lands and tenements go down her throat,
Some damn the Jade, and some the Cullies blame, 15
But not Sir H——t, for he does the same.

With all a Woman's virtues but the p—x,
Fusidia thrives in Money, Land, and Stocks :
For Int'rest, ten per cent. her constant rate is ;
Her Body ? hopeful Heirs may have it gratis. 20
She turns her very Sister to a job,
And, in the happy minute, picks your sob :

— Contra hic, ne prodigus esse
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,
Frigus quo duramque famem depellere possit.
Hunc si perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
Præclaram ingrata stringat malus ingluvie rem,
Omnia conductis coëmens obsonia nummis.
" Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi."
Respondet, laudatus ab his, culpatur ab illis.
Fusidius vappa famam timet ac nebulonis,
Dives agris, dives positus in senore nummis.
Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat : atque
Quanto perditior quisque est, tanto acrius urgat.
Nomina sectatur, mado sumpta veste virili
Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
Yet

Yet starves herself, so little her own friend,
 And thirsts and hungers only at one end :
 A Self-Tormentor, worse than (in the Play) 25
 The Wretch, whose Av'rice drove his Son away.

But why all this ? I'll tell ye, 'tis my Theme :
 " Women and Fools are always in extreme.
 Rufa's at either end a Common-shore,
 Sweet Moll and Jack are Civet-Cat and Boar : 30
 Nothing in nature is so lewd as Peg,
 Yet, for the world, she would not shew her leg !
 While bashful Jenny, ev'n at Morning-prayer,
 Spreads her Fore-buttocks to the navel bare.
 But diff'rent Taste in diff'rent men prevails, 35
 And one is fir'd by heads, and one by tails ;
 Some feel no flames but at the Court or Ball,
 And others hunt white Aprons in the Mall.

*Jupiter, exclamat, simul atque audiuit ? " At in se
 " Pro quæstu sumtum facit hic." Vix credere possis
 Quam sibi non sit amicus : ita ut Pater ille, Terenti
 Fabula quem miserum gnato vixisse fugato
 Inducit, non se pejus cruciaverit atque hic.*

*Si quis nunc quærat, Quo res hæc pertinet ? Illuc :
 " Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.
 Malchinus tunicis demissis ambulat : est qui
 Inguen ad obscænum subductis usque facetus :
 Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum.
 Nil medium est : sunt qui nolint tetigisse, nisi illas,
 Quarum subsuta talos tegat instita veste :
 Contra alius nullam, nisi olente in fornice stantem.*

My

My Lord of L——n, chancing to remark
 A noted Dean much busy'd in the Park, 40
 " Proceed (he cry'd) proceed, my rev'rend Brother,
 " 'Tis *Fornicatio simplex*, and no other :
 " Better than lust for Boys, with Pope and Turk,
 " Or others Spouses, like my Lord of ——
 May no such Praise (cries J——s) e'er be mine! 45
 J——s, who bows at H——b——w's hoary Shrine.

All you, who think the City ne'er can thrive,
 Till ev'ry Cuckold-maker's flea'd alive ;
 Attend, while I their Miseries explain,
 And pity men of Pleasure still in pain! 50
 Survey the pangs they bear, the risques they run,
 Where the most lucky are but last undone.
 See ! wretched Monsieur flies to save his throat,
 And quits his Mistress, Money, Ring, and Note !

*Quidam notus homo cum exiret fornice : " Maeste
 " Virtute esto, inquit sententia dia Catonis,
 " Nam simul ac venas inflavit tetra libido,
 " Huc juvenes æquum est descendere, non alienas
 " Permolere uxores.——*

—*Nolim laudatier, inquit,
 Sic me, mirator cunni Cupiennius albi,
 Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte
 Qui mæchos non voltis, ut omni parte laborent,
 Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
 Atque hæc rara, cadat dura inter sæpe pericla.
 Hic se præcipitem tecto dedit : ille flagellis
 Ad mortem cæsus : fugiens hic decidet acrem
 Prædonum in turbam : dedit hic pro corpore nummos :*

See

See good Sir George of ragged Livery stript, 55
 By worthier Footmen pist upon and whipt
 Plunder'd by Thieves, (or Lawyers, which is worse)
 One bleeds in Person, and one bleeds in purse;
 This meets a blanket, and that meets a cudgel —
 And all applaud the justice — All, but Budget. 60

How much more safe, dear Countrymen! his State,
 Who trades in Frigates of the second rate?
 And yet some care of S—ft should be had;
 Nothing so mean for which he can't run mad;
 His Wit confirms him but a slave the more, 65
 And makes a Princess whom he found a Whore:
 The Youth might save much trouble and expence,
 Were he a Dupe of only common Sense.
 But here's his point; A Wench (he cries) for me!
 " I never touch a Dame of Quality. 70

To Palmer's bed no Actress comes amiss,
 He courts the whole *Personæ Dramatis*:

*Hunc perminxerunt calones; quin etiam illud
 Accidit, ut cuidam testis, caudamque salacem
 Demeterent ferro. Jure omnes. Galba negabat.*

*Tutior at quanto merx est in classe secunda!
 Libertinarum dico: Sallustius in qua
 Non minus insanit, quam qui mœchatur: at hic si,
 Qua res, qua ratio suaderet, quaque modeste
 Munifico esse licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
 Esse; daret quantum satis esset, nec sibi damno
 Dedecorique foret. verum hoc se amplectitur uno,
 Hoc amat & laudat: Matronam nullam ego tango.*

*Ut quondam Marsæus amator Originis, ille
 Qui patrium mimæ donat fundumque laremque,*

He too can say, "With Wives I never find
 But Singing-Girls and Mimicks draw him in.
 Sure, worthy Sir, the difference is not great,
 With whom you lose your Credit and Estate?
 This, or that person, what avails to shun?
 What's wrong is wrong, wherever it be done!
 The ease, support, and lustre of your life,
 Destroy'd alike with Strumpet, Maid, or Wife."

What push'd poor Ellis on th' Imperial Whore?
 'Twas but to be where CHARLES had been before.
 The fatal Steel unjustly was apply'd,
 When not his Lust offended, but his Pride;
 Too hard a Penance for defeated sin,
 Himself shut out, and Jacob Hall let in.

Suppose that honest part that rules us all,
 Should rise, and say, — Sir Robert! or Sir Paul!

*Nil fuerit mi, inquit, cum uxoribus umquam alienis.
 Verum est cum mimis, est cum meretricibus: unde
 Fama malum gravius, quam res, trahit: an tibi abunde
 Personam satis est, non illud, quicquid ubique
 Officit, evitare? bonam deperdere famam,
 Rem patris oblimare, malum est ubicumque. quid inter
 Est in matrona, ancilla, peccesne rogata?*

*Villius in Fausta Sulla gener, hoc miser uno
 Nomine deceptus, pœnas dedit usque, superque
 Quam satis est; pugnis cæsus, ferroque petitus,
 Exclusus fore, cum Longarenus foret intus,
 Hæc sibi, mutonis verbis, mula tanta videns*

Did

" Did I demand, in my most vig'rous hour,
 " A Thing descended from the Conqueror ? 90

" Or when my pulse beat highest, ask for any

" Such Nicety, as Lady, or Lord Fanny ?—

What would you answer ? could you have the face,

When the poor Suff'rer humbly mourn'd his case,

To cry, " You weep the favours of her GRACE ?

Hath not indulgent Nature spread a feast, 96

And giv'n enough for Man, enough for Beast ?

But Man corrupt, perverse in all his ways,

In search of Vanities, from Nature strays :

Yea, tho' the blessing's more than he can use, 100

Shuns the permitted, the forbid pursues !

Weigh well the Cause from whence these Evils spring,

'Tis in thyself, and not in God's good thing :

Then, left repentance punish such a life,

Never, ah, never ! kils thy Neighbour's Wife. 105

Diceret hæc animus : Quid vis tibi ? numquid ego a te

Magno prognatum deposco consule cunnum,

Velatumque stola, mea cum conserbuit ira ?

Quid responderet ? Magno patre nata puella est.

At quanto meliora monet, pugnantiæque istis

Dives opis natura suæ ! ut si modo recte

Dispensare velis, ac non fugienda petendis

Inmiscere.

—Tuo vitio, rerumne labores,

Nil referre putas ? quare, ne pœniteat te,

Desine matronas sectariæ : unde laboris

Plus haurire mali est, quam ex re decerpere fructus.

First, Silks and Diamonds veil no finer shape,
 Or plumper thigh, than lurk in humble Crape :
 And secondly, how innocent a Belle
 Is she who shows what ware she has to sell ?
 Not Lady-like, displays a milk-white Breast, 110
 And hides, in sacred Sluttishness, the rest.

Our ancient Kings, (and sure those Kings were wise,
 Who judg'd themselves, and saw with their own eyes)
 A War-horse never for the service chose,
 But ey'd him round, and stript off all the cloaths ; 115
 For well they knew, proud Trappings serve to hide
 A heavy chest, thick neck, or heaving side.
 But Fools are ready chaps, agog to buy,
 Let but a comely fore-hand strike the eye :
 No Eagle shaper, ev'ry charm to find, 120
 To all defects, Ty——y not so blind :

*Nec magis huic, inter niveos viridisque lapillos
 Sit licet, o Cerinthe, tuo tenerum est femur, aut crus
 Rectius : atque etiam melius persæpe togatæ est.
 Adde huc, quod mercem sine fucis gestat ; aperte
 Quod venale habet, ostendit ; neque si quid honesti est
 Faciat habetque palam, quærit quo turpia celet.*

*Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur ; opertos
 Inspiciunt : ne si facies, ut sæpe, decora
 Molli fulta pede est ; emtorem ducat hiantem,
 Quod pulchræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix.
 Hoc illi recte. Tu corporis optima Lyncei
 Contemplare oculis ; Hypsæa cæcior, illa*

Goose-rump'd, hawk-nos'd, swan-footed is my Dear ?
They'll praise her Elbow, heel, or Tip o'th' ear.

A Lady's Face is all you see undress'd ;
(For none but Lady M— shows the rest) 125

But if to charms more latent you pretend,
What lines encompass, and what works defend !

Dangers on dangers ! Obstacles by dozens ! [Cousins !
Spies, Guardians, Guests, old Women, Aunts, and
Could you directly to her Person go, 130

Stays will obstruct above, and Hoops below,

And if the Dame says yes, the Dress says no.

Not thus at N—dh—m's ; your judicious eye

May measure there the breast, the hip, the thigh !

And will you run to Perils, Sword, and Law, 135

All for a thing you ne'er so much as saw ?

*Quæ mala sunt, spectas. O crus, o brachia ! verum
Depugis, nasuta, brevi latere, ac pede longo est.*

Matronæ, præter faciem, nil cernere possis ;

Cætera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.

Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata, (nam te

Hoc facit insanum) multæ tibi tum officient res ;

Custodes, lectica, cinisones, parastæ ;

Ad talos stola demissa, & circumdata palla :

Plurima, quæ inuideant pare adparere tibi rem.

Alterâ nil obstat : Cui tibi pene videre est

Ut nudam ; ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi :

Metiri possis oculo latus. an tibi maioris

Insidias fieri pretiumque avellier, ante

Quam mercem ostendi ?

" The Hare once seiz'd, the Hunter heeds no more
 " The little Scut he so pursu'd before ;
 " Love follows flying game (as Sucklyn sings)
 " And 'tis for that the wanton Boy has wings." 140
 Why let him sing— but when you're in the wrong,
 Think ye to cure the mischief with a Song ?
 Has Nature set no bounds to wild Desire ?
 No Sense to guide, no Reason to enquire,
 What solid Happiness, what empty Pride, 145
 And what is best indulg'd, or best deny'd ?
 If neither Gems adorn, nor silver tip
 The flowing bowl, will you not wet your lip ?
 When sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed
 Except on Pea-chicks, at the Bedford-head ? 150
 Or, when a tight neat Girl will serve the turn,
 In errant pride, continue stiff and burn ?

— " *Leporem venator ut alta*

" *In nive seclatur, positum sic tangere nolit :*"

Cantat, & adponit, " meus est amor huic similis : nam

" Transvolat in medio posita, & fugientia captat."

Hiscine versiculis speras tibi posse dolores,

Atque æstus, curasque gravis e pectore tolli ?

Nonne, cupidinibus statuat Natura modum quem,

Quid latura, sibi quid sit dolitura negatum,

Quærere plus prodest ; & inane abscindere solda ?

Num, tibi cum faucis urit sitis, aurea quæris

Pocula ? num esuriens fastidis omnia præter

Pavonem, rhombumque ? tument tibi cum inguina, num, si

Ancilla aut verna est præsto puer, impetus in quem

Continuo fiat, malis tentigine rumpi ?

I'm

I'm a plain Man, whose maxim is profess,
 "The thing at hand is of all things the best."
 But her who will, and then will not comply, 155
 Whose word is, If, Perhaps, and By-and-by,
 Z—ds! let some Eunuch or Platonic take —
 So B—t cries, Philosopher and Rake!
 Who asks no more (right reasonable Peer)
 Than not to wait too long, nor pay too dear. 160
 Give me a willing Nymph! ('tis all I care,
 Extremely clean, and tolerably fair;
 Her shape her own, whatever shape she have,
 And just that white and red which Nature gave:
 Her I transported touch, transported view, 165
 And call her Angel! Goddess! Montague!
 No furious Husband thunders at the door;
 No barking dog, no household in a roar;
 From gleaming swords no shrieking Women run;
 No wretched Wife cries out, Undone! undone! 170

*Non ego : namque parabilem amo venerem, facilemque.
 Illam, Post paullo, Sed pluris, Si exierit vir,
 Gallis banc, Philodemus ait ; sibi, quæ neque magno
 Stet pretio, nec cunctetur, cum est iussa venire.
 Candida restaque sit ; munda hætenus, ut neque longa,
 Nec magis alba velit, quam det natura, videri.
 Hæc ubi supposuit dextro corpus mihi lævum,
 Ilia & Egeria est : do nomen quodlibet illi.
 Nec vereor, ne, dum futuo, vir rure recurrat ;
 Janua frangatur ; latret canis ; undique magno
 Pulsa domus strepitu resonet ; ne pallida lecto
 Defiliat mulier ; miseram se conscia clamet ;*

136 SATIRES OF HORACE.

Seiz'd in the fact, and in her Cuckold's pow'r.
 She kneels, she weeps, and worse ! resigns her Dow'r.
 Me, naked me, to Posts, to Pumps they draw,
 To Shame eternal, or eternal Law. 175
 Oh Love ! be deep Tranquility my luck,
 No Mistress H—ys—m near, no Lady B—ck !
 For, to be taken, is the dev'l in hell ;
 This truth let L—l, J—ys, O—w tell.

*Cruribus hæc metuat, doti hæc deprensa, egomet mi.
 Discincta tunica fugienda est, ac pede nudo ;
 Ne nummi pereant, aut puga, aut denique fama.
 Deprehendi miserum est ! Fabio vel iudice vincam.*

THE

THE
SATIRES
OF

Dr. JOHN DONNE,

Dean of St. PAUL's,

VERSIFYED.

*Quid vetat, ut nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Virficulos natura magis factos, & euntes
Mollius?*

HOR.

K

THE SATIRE

THE

SATIRE

OF

DR. JOHN DOWNE

Dean of St. Paul's

VERIFIED

Hor.

K

THE
Second SATIRE

OF
Dr. JOHN DONNE.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still
One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities, not abhors; 5
As who knows Sapho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that Poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army* in:
Catch'd

*SIR: though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
Though Poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
As, I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in:*

K 2 *Though*

Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10

Yet like the Papists, is the Poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Hear a lean Bard whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live:
The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.

Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above,
Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow:
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the Fair; but songs no longer move,
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These

*Though like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate;*

*One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
(Starving himself) to live by his labour'd scenes.*

*As in some Organs, Puppets dance above
And bellows pant below, which them do move.*

*One would move love by rhythms; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:
Rams, and slings now are silly battery,
Pistols are the best artillery.*

And

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get, 25
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.

Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit : 30

'Tis chang'd no doubt from what it was before,
His rank digestion makes it wit no more :

Sense, past thro' him, no longer is the same ;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all these Confessors and Martyrs 35

Who live like S—t—n, or who die like Chartres,

Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,

Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear ;

Wicked

And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,

Are they not like singers at doors for meat ?

*And they who write, because all write, have still
That 'sense for writing, and for writing ill.*

*But he is worst, who beggarly doth chew
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
As his own things : and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known,
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.*

*But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
To out-doe dildoes, or out-usure Jews,
To out-drink the sea, to out-swear the Letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be*

Wicked as Pages, who in early years
 Act sins which Priests's Confessor scarce hears, 40
 Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
 Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell
 In what Commandment's large contents they dwell: I
 One, one man only breeds my just offence, 45
 Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave Impi-
 Time, that at last matures a clap to pox, [dence:
 Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
 And brings all natural events to pass, I
 Hath made him an Attorney of an Ais, 50
 No young Divine, new-benefic'd, can be
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he:
 What further could I wish the fop to do,
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?

Pierce

*As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
 Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
 In which Commandments large receipt they dwell.
 But these punish themselves. The insolence
 Of Coscus, only, breeds my just offence,
 Whom time, (which rats all, and makes botches pox,
 And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
 Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
 But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,
 Then are new-benefic'd Ministers, he throws
 Like nets or lime-twigs where'soe'r he goes*

His

Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear
 With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?
 Or court a Wife, spread out his willy parts,
 Like nets or lime-twiggs, for rich Widows hearts;
 Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,
 And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
 Language, which Boreas might to Aufter hold,
 More rough than forty Germans when they cold.
 Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
 Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
 Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
 If Peter deigns to help you to your own:
 What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies,
 And what a solemn face if he denies!
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear
 'Twas only Suretyship that brought 'em there. 70
 His

His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,
 And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench. ***
 Words, words, which would tear
 The tender labyrinth of a Maid's soft ear;
 More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
 Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.
 Then sick with Poetry, and possess'd with Muse
 Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuse
 Law practice for meer gain, bold soul repulse
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk
 His hand still at a bill, now he must talk
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
 That only suretyship hath brought them there.

His Office keeps your Parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
 For you, he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,
 For not in Chariots Peter puts his trust;
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
 And lies to every Lord in every thing,
 Like a King's Favourite — or like a King.

These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly —
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns, 80
 Nor more of bastardy in heirs to Crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal,
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
 Till like the Sea, they compass all the land,
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand: 85
 And

And to every suitor lye in every thing,
 Like a King's Favourite — or like a King.
 Like a wedge in a block, wiving to the barre,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
 Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand.

And

And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a Duke to Jansen punts at White's,
 Or City heir in mortgage melts away;
 Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that, 90
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, Covenants, Articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
 Than civil Codes, with all their glosses, are; 95
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
 Are fathers of the Church for writing less.

But

*And spying heirs melting with Luxury,
 Satan will not joy at their sins as he
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year
 (Reliquely kept) perchance buys wedding cheer)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length, (as in those first dayes
 When Luther was profess, he did desire
 Short Pater-nosters, saying as a Fryer
 Each day his Beads, but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause*

But

But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires* :
 No Commentator can more slyly pass
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place :
 Or, in quotation, shrewd Divines leave out
 Those words, that would against them clear the doubt,
 So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,
 When doom'd to say his beads and Even song ;
 But having cast his cowle, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the *Pow'r and Glory* clause,
 The lands are bought ; but where are to be found
 Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground ?
 We see no new-built palaces aspire,
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
 Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
 The good old landlord's hospitable door ?
 Well,

*But when he sells or changes land, b'impaires
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, ses heires,
 As slyly as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sense ; or, in Divinity
 As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.
 Where are these spread woods which cloath'd heretofore
 Those bought lands ? not built, not burnt within doore,
 Where the old landlords troops, and almes ? In halls
 Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals*

Equally

Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes
 Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs : 115
 That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
 Carthusian fasts, and fullsome Bacchanals ;
 And all mankind might that just Mean observe,
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
 These as good works 'tis true we all allow : 120
 But, oh ! these works are not in fashion now :
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
 Extreemly fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust without offence ;
 Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense, 125
 Nor fly Informer watch these words to draw
 Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

*Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs,
 None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.*

THE
Fourth SATIRE
OF

Dr. JOHN DONNE.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With

*WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this,*

My

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
 Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd ;
 I hop'd for no commission from his Grace ;
 I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place ;
 Had no new verses, nor new suit to show ;
 Yet went to Court! — the Dev'l would have it so.
 But, as the Fool that in reforming days
 Wou'd go to Mass in jest (as story says)
 Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God ;
 So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
 Who live at Court, for going once that way !

Scarce

*My mind, neither with prides itch, nor hath been
 Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to Court ; but as Glare which did go
 To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
 Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse,
 Before he scapt ; So it pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going,) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 full, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
 Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.*

Therefore

Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name: 25
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
 Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
 A verier monster, than on Africk's shore
 The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
 Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain, 30
 Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night, wou'd swear him dropt out of the Moon.
 One whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35
 And the wise Justice starting from his chair
 Cry, by your Priesthood tell me what you are?

Such

Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run
 A thing more strange, than on Niles slime, the Sun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noab's Ark came:
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
 Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
 Than Africk Monsters, Guianæ rarities,
 Stranger than strangers: One who, for a Dane,
 In the Danes Massacre had sure been slain,
 If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
 When next the Prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
 One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by,
 One, to whom the examining Justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your Priesthood tell me what you are?

His

Such was the wight : Th' apparel on his back
 Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black :
 The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40
 Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Bess*,
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd ;
 So Time that changes all things, had ordain'd !
 Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
 First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45

This thing has travel'd, speaks each language too,
 And knows what's fit for every state to do ;
 Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
 Talkers I've learn'd to bear ; *Motteux* I knew, 50
Henley himself I've heard, and *Budgel* too.
 The Doctor's Wormwood style, the Hail of tongues
 A Pedant makes, the storm of *Gonson's* lungs,
 The

*His cloaths were strange, though coarse, and black,
 Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been (though bare,
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
 Become Tufftassaty ; and our children shall
 See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.*

*The thing hath travell'd, and faith, speaks all tongues,
 And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
 Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste ;
 But pedants mostly tongue, souldiers bumbast,*

Mounte-

The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
 And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar: 55
 These I cou'd bear; but not a rogue so civil,
 Whose tongue will complement you to the devil.
 A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
 Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
 With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
 And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.
 He spies me out, I whisper, gracious God!
 What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
 That all the shot of dulness now must be
 From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me! 65
 Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
 To crave your sentiment, if ———'s your name.
 What Speech esteem you most?—"The King's, said I.
 But the best words?—"O Sir, the Dictionary.
 You

*Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the termes of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement: 2
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
 Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
 Jovius, or Surlius, or both together.
 He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God!
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious Rod,
 This fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,
 I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
 For the best Linguist? and I feelily
 Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.*

Nay

You miss my aim ; I mean the most acute 70

And perfect *Speaker* ? — “ Onflow, past dispute.

But Sir, of writers ? “ Swift, for closer style,

“ But Ho**y for a period of a mile.

Why yes, ’tis granted, these indeed may pass :

Good common linguists, and so Panurge was ; 75

Nay troth th’ Apostles (tho’ perhaps too rough)

Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough :

Yet these were all poor Gentlemen ! I dare

Affirm, ’twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus others talents having nicely shown, 80

He came by sure transition to his own :

Till I cry’d out, You prove your self so able,

Pity ! you was not Druggerman at Babel ;

For had they found a linguist half so good,

I make no question but the Tow’r had stood. 85

“ Obliging

Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir ? Beza then,

Some Jesuits, and two reverend men

Of our two academies I nam’d : here

He stopt me, and said, Nay your Apostles were

Good pretty Linguists, so Panurgus was ;

Yet a poor Gentleman ; all these may pass

By travail. Then, as if he would have sold

His tongue, he prais’d it, and such wonders told,

That I was fain to say, if you had liv’d, Sir,

Time enough to have been Interpreter

To Babels Bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.

He adds, if of Court life you knew the good,

L

You

"Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made:
 "Why then for ever buried in the shade?
 "Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
 "The King would smile on you—at least the Queen.
 Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers so cajol us — 90
 But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus*:
 And as for Courts, forgive me if I say
 No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
 Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
 Few are the Converts Aretine has made; 95
 And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear,
 None shou'd, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
 Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lute-string, and replies:
 "Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100
 "To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!
 Then, happy Man who shows the Tombs! said I,
 He dwells amidst the royal Family;

He

You would leave loneliness. I said, not alone
 My loneliness is: but Spartanes fashion
 To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
 Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste;
 No more can Princes Courts, though there be few
 Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeaks, O sir,
 'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,
 Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,
 And for his price, doth with whoever comes

Of

He ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,
 Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105
 And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
 What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.
 "Lord, Sir, a meer Mechanic ! strangely low,
 "And coarse of phrase, — your English all are so.
 "How elegant your Frenchman ?" Mine, d'ye mean ?
 I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean. 111
 "Oh ! Sir, politely so ! nay, let me die,
 "Your only wearing is your Padua-foy."
 Not Sir my only, I have better still,
 And this you see is but my dishabille — 115
 Wild to get loose, his Patience I provoke,
 Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
 But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
 And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore ;

So

*Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
 From King to King, and all their kin can walk :
 Your ears shall bear nought but Kings ; your eyes meet
 Kings only : The way to it is Kings street.
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanique, course,
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen neat ? Mine, as you see,
 I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
 Ceres they are neatly cloath'd. I, of this mind am,
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
 Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not fly ; I chaf'd him : but as Itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron grown'd*

L 2

Into

So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120
You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, "what News? I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuch's, Harlequins, and Operas. 125
He hears, and as a Still with simples in it
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Meer household trash! of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
More than ten Hollingheads, or Halls, or Stows. 131
When the *Queen* frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and what
A subtle Minister may make of that;
Who sins with whom? who got his Pension rug,
Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug? 135
Whose

*Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress;
And asks what news; I tell him of new plays,
He takes my hand, and as a Still which stays
A Sembali, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to enrich me, so tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash: He knows, he knows
When the *Queen* frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what
A subtle Statesman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hasts to an Offices reversion;*

Who

Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
 And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore?
 Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
 Is therefore fit to have a Government?
 Who in the secret, deals in Stocks secure, 140
 And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor?
 Who makes a Trust or Charity a Job,
 And gets an Act of Parliament to rob?
 Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit nor clown
 Can gratis see the country, or the town? 145
 Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
 But some excising Courtier will have toll.
 He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
 What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife?
 And last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
 What Lady's face is not a whited wall?

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and fore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:

Trims

*Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse he notes,
 Who loveth whores, and who boys, and who goats.
 He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
 Shells to transport; shortly boys shall not play
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
 Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us,
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet*

Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
 And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart. 153
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
 Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
 Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160
 In sure succession to the day of doom:
 He names the price for every office paid,
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd:
 Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port. 165
 Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,

Than

*He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all States and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards came, to th' loss of Amyens.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat
 To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,
 He like a priveleg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
 He saith our wars thrive ill because delaid;
 That Offices are intail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
 As the last day; and that great Officers
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.*

I more

Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wife
 Already half turn'd traytor by surprize.
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me,
 As in the pox, some give it to get free;
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw.

170

In that nice moment, as another Lye
 Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by.
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
 Then close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
 Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.

175

I quak'd

*I more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw,
 To suck me in for bearing him: I found
 That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow sound
 By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and be free: Therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my foresathers sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hower
 Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to 'scape a torturing,
 And says, sir, can you spare me? I said; willingly;
 Nay, sir, can you spare me a crown? thankfully I
 Gave it, as ransom; but as fidlers, still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will*

I quak'd at heart ; and still afraid to see 180
 All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
 Ran out as fast; as one that pays his bail
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
 To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense: 185
 Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
 And the free soul looks down to pity Kings!
 There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
 Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
 A Vision hermits can to Hell transport, 190
 And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.
 Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.

Bafe

*Thrust one more jig upon you: so did he
 With his long complimentary thanks vex me;
 But he is gone, thanks to this needy want,
 And the Prerogative of my Crown; scant
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
 All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)
 Ran from thence with such, or more hast than one
 Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.*

*At home in wholesome solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness
 Of suiters at court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
 It self o'er me: such men as he saw there
 I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear*

Becomes

Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
 Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me:
 Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
 Care, if a livery'd Lord or smile or frown?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
 'O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
 For huffing, braggart, puff Nobility?
 Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
 No pox on those who shew a * *Court in wax!*
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:

Such

*Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: Then,
 Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men
 Fear frowns; and my mistress truth, betray thee
 For th' huffing, braggart, puff nobility?
 No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
 Think he which made your † Waxen garden, and*

* A famous show of the Court of France, in Waxwork.

† A show of the Italian Gardens in Waxwork, in the time of King James the First.

Trans-

Such painted puppets ! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face !
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things — 210
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.

See ! where the British youth, engag'd no more
 At Fig's, † at White's, with felons, or a whore,
 Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
 All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room ; 215
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
 " That's velvet for a King !" the flatt'rer swears ;
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
 Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
 That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.

And

*Transported it, from Italy, to stand
 With us at London, flouts our Courtiers ; for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
 Taste have in them, ours are ; and natural
 Some of the stocks are ; their fruits bastard all.
 'Tis ten a Clock and past ; all whom the mues,
 Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day, in stocks are found
 In the Prefence, and I, (God pardon me)*

† White's was a noted gaming-house : Fig's, a
 Prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility
 receiv'd instruction in those days : It was also cu-
 stomary for the nobility and gentry to visit the con-
 demned criminals in Newgate.

As

And why not players strut in courtier's cloaths?
 For these are actors too, as well as those:
 Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,
 And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,
 Sail in the Ladies: How each pyrate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him:
 "Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!
 And "sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
 Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235

Twou'd

*As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be
 Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
 Those hofe are, cry the flatterers: and bring
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.*

*Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well.
 At stage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
 Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
 The Ladies come. As pirats (which do know
 That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel,
 The men board them; and praise (as they think) well,
 Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
 This cause; These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all red which scarlets dye.*

He

'Twould burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen,
 To see those anticks, Fopling and Courtin :
 The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god.
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
 Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools !
 Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw ;
 But oh ! what terrors must distract the soul
 Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole ; 245
 Or should one pound of powder less be-spread
 Those monkey tails that wag behind their head.

Thus

*He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her hair net :
 She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set.
 Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
 As if the Presence were a Mosch : and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to scrift,
 Making them confess not only mortal
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate :
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.*

So

Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
 So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, 250
 With band of Lilly, and with check of Rose,
 Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.
 Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest :
 Prodigious ! how the things *protest, protest* : 255
 Peace fools, or Gonson will for Papiſts ſeize you,
 If once he catch you at your *Jefu ! Jefu !*
 Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
 Juſt as one Beauty mortifies another.

But

*So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
 Perſect as Circles, with ſuch nicety
 As a young Preacher at his firſt time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
 Him not ſo much as good will, he arreſts,
 And unto her protests, protests, protests,
 So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
 Ten Cardinals into the Inquiſition ;
 And whispers by Jeſu ſo oft, that a
 Purſuevant would have raviſh'd him away
 For ſaying our Ladies Pſalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.*

But

But here's the Captain that will plague them both, 260
 Whose air cries arm! whose very look's an oath:
 The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
 Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
 He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before
 Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door; 265
 And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law, 270
 Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from Jayls to execution go;

For

*But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth
 Call a rough carelesness, good fashion;
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, be. His ill words do no harm
 To him; he rustles in, as if arm, arm,
 He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.*

Tyr'd

For hung with * deadly sins I see the wall,
 And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all : 275
 Each man an *Askapart*, of strength to toss
 For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-crofs.
 Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine: 280
 Charge them with Heaven's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
 From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
 Whose Satyr's sacred, and whose rage secure :

'Tis

*Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from goals to execution go,
 Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins ?) being among
 Those Askaparts †, men big enough to throw
 Charing Crofs for a bar, men that do know
 No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
 Living ; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
 I shook like a spied Spie — Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
 Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be*

* The Room hung with old Tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins.

† A Giant famous in Romances.

To

Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
 To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 285
 Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
 In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

To wash the stains away: Although I yet
 (With Maccabees modestly) the known merit
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
 I hope, esteem my *Writs Canonical*.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE
TO THE
EPILOGUE
TO THE
SATIRES,
In Two Dialogues.

Written in 1738.

M

EPITOME

EPITOME

TO THE

SATIRES

In Two Dialogues

Written in 1738.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in 1738.

DIALOGUE I.

FR.

NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, besides, too *Moral* for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel — 5
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter." 10

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *Vice*:

M 2

Horace

Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the Crown,*
 Blunt could *do Bus'ness,* H—ggins *knew the Town,*
 In Sappho touch, the *Failings of the Sex,* 15
 In rev'rend Su--n note some *small Neglects,*
 And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing,*
 Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.
 His sly, polite, insinuating stile
 Could please at Court, and make Augustus smile :
 An artful Manager, that crept between 21
 His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of Screen. †
 But 'faith your very Friends will soon be fore ;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more —
 And where's the Glory ? 'twill be only thought 25
 The Great man never offer'd you a groat.
 Go see Sir ROBERT —

P. See Sir ROBERT ! — hum —
 And never laugh — for all my life to come ?
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
 Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r ; 30
 Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,
 Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
 Would he oblige me ? let me only find,
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt, 35
 The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

† *Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
 Tangit, & admissus circum prœcordia ludit.*

PERS.
 F. Why

DIALOGUE I.

173

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* still you may be free;

A Horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty*;

A Joke on *JERYL*, or some odd *Old Whig*

Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig: 40

A Patriot is a Fool in every age,—

Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:

These nothing hurts; they keep their Fashion still,

And wear their strange old Virtue, as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the Man, so near" 45

"His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his ear?"

Why answer *LYTTELTON*, and I'll engage

The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage:

But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base,

You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* case. 50

Sejanus, *Wolsey*, hurt not honest *FLEURY*,

But well may put some Statesmen in a fury,

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;

These you but anger, and you mend not those.

Laugh at your friends, and if your Friends are sore,

So much the better, you may laugh the more.

To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,

Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;

Did not the Sneer of more impartial men

At Sense and Virtue, balance all agen. 60

Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,

And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth;

Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!

Come harmless Characters that no one hit, 65

Come *Henley's* Oratory, *Osborn's* Wit!

The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
 The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng!
 The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
 And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense, 70
 That First was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
 The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again,
 O come, that easy Ciceronian stile,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
 All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!
 Then might I sing without the least offence,
 And all I sung should be the Nation's Sense;
 Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad Versè on CAROLINA's Urn, 80
 And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
 All Parts perform'd, and all her Children blest!
 So — Satire is no more — I feel it die —
 No *Gazeteer* more innocent than I —
 And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave, 85
 Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave;
 F. Why so? if Satire know its Time and Place,
 You still may lash the Greatest — in Disgrace;
 For Merit will by turns forsake them all;
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
 But let all Satire in all Changes spare
 Immortal S—k, and grave De—re!
 Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
 All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
 These, may some gentle ministerial Wing 95
 Receive, and place for ever near a King!

There,

DIALOGUE I. 175

There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet Nopenthe of a Court;
 There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their Place:
 But past the sense of human Miseries,
 All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their glory,
 Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
 And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vex'd,
 Consid'ring what a gracious Prince was next.
 Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
 As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings; 110
 And at a Peer, or Peerefs, shall I fret,
 Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
 But shall the Dignity of *Vice* be lost?
 Ye Gods! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke, 115
 Swear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a Duke?
 A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie,
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
 Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will? 120
 Is it for Bond or Peter, (paltry Things)
 To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
 If * Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
 And so may'st thou, Illustrious † Passeran!

* Author of a Book intituled, *The Oracles of Reason*.

† Author of another, called a *Philosophical Discourse on Death*.

But shall a Printer, weary of his life, 125

Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and Wife?

This, this my friend, I cannot, must not bear;

Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:

This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,

And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gyn*. 130

Let modest *FOSTER*, if he will, excell

Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;

A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,

Out-do Landaffe, in Doctrine — yea, in Life:

Let humble *ALLEN*, with an awkward Shame, 135

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.

Virtue may chuse the high or low Degree,

'Tis just alike to *Virtue*, and to me;

Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,

She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing. 140

Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth,

And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth;

But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;

Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more.

Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,

Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless.

In golden Chains the willing World she draws,

And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,

Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,

And sees pale *Virtue* carted in her stead. 150

Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,

Old England's Genius rough with many a Scar,

Dragg'd in the dust! his Arms hang idly round,

His Flag inverted trails along the ground!

Our

DIALOGUE I.

177

Our Youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign Gold, 155
 Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
 See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
 And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
 Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
 That "Not to be corrupted is the Shame." 160
 In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
 'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
 See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
 See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!
 The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, 165
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
 All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
 At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:
 While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry —
 "Nothing is Sacred now but Villany." 170
 Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)
 Show, there was one who held it in disdain.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

Written in 1738.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. **T**HIS all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow?

'Faith it may;

And for that very cause I print to day.

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,

In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty nine*!

Vice with such Giant strides comes on amain,

Invention strives to be before in vain;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,

Some rising Genius fins: up to my Song:

F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty lash; 10

Ev'n * Guthry saves half Newgate by a Dash:

* The Ordinary of *Newgate*, who publishes the
Memoirs of the Malefactors.

Spare

DIALOGUE II. 179

Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.

P. How Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice!
Come on then Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and sowze on all the kind. 15

Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all!

Ye Tradesmen vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!

Ye Rev'rend Atheists. *F.* Scandal! name them, Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.

Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt, 20

I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.

The pois'ning Dame. *F.* You mean. *P.* I don't. *F.* You do.

P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!

The bribing Statesman— *F.* Hold! too high you go.

P. The brib'd Elector— *F.* There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?

Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,

Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?

Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires; 30

As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squire?

Suppose I censure— you know what I mean——

To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?

F. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,

You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade. 35

P. If not the Tradesman who set up to day,

Much less the 'Prentice who to morrow may.

Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be spoil'd,

Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched * *Wild*,

* Jonathan Wild.

Or

Or if a Court or Country's made a job, 40
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.

Bur Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great? 45
Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.

Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Ministers; or if the thing 50
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, nor *rise* nor *fall*?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago;
Who now that obsolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desp'rate if they once are bad;
Else might he take to Virtue some years hence— 60

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the Man?

God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for Fame,
'And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name? 65

Pleas'd

Pleas'd let me own, in * *Essex's* peaceful Grove
 (Where *Kent* and Nature vye for *PELHAM's* Love)
 The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,
 I sit and dream I see my *CRAGS* anew!

Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert; 70
Sacker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,
 Manners with Candour are to *Benson* giv'n,
 To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.

But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
 That instant, I declare, he has my Love: 75
 I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;

Thus *SOMMERS* once, and *HALIFAX*, were mine.
 Oft, in the clear, still Mirrour of Retreat,
 I study'd *SHREWSBURY*, the wise and great:

CARLETON's calm Sense, and *STANHOPE's* noble Flame,
 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same:
 How pleasing *ATTERBURY's* foster hour!

How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
 How can I *PULT'NEY*, *CHESTERFIELD* forget,
 While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit: 85

ARGYLE, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the Senate and the Field:

Or *WYNDHAM*, just to Freedom and the Throne,
 The Master of our Passions, and his own.

Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain, 90
 Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their
 And if yet higher the proud List should end, [Train;
 Still let me say! No Follower, but a Friend.

* The House and Gardens of *Essex* in *Surrey*, design'd by Mr. *Kent*. Yet

Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays;
 I follow *Virtue*; where she shines, I praise: 95
 Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory.
 I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my † LORD MAY'R.
 Some, in their choice of Friends (nay look not grave)
 Have still a secret Byass to a Knave:
 To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the *Virtue*, and I'll find the Verse. 105
 But random Praise — the task can ne'er be done;
 Each Mother asks it for her booby Son,
 Each Widow asks it for the Best of Men,
 For him she weeps, and him she weds agen.
 Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground; 110
 The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
 Enough for half the Greatest of these days,
 To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.
 Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
 Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
 What RICHLIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,
 And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
 No Pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command;
 No Pow'r, when *Virtue* claims it, can withstand:

* Sir John Barnard.

To

DIALOGUE II. 183

To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line ;
O let my Country's Friends illumin mine !
--What are you thinking ? *F.* Faith the thought's no sin,
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow ?

P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.

Is that too little ? Come then, I'll comply —

Spirit of *Arnall* ! aid me while I lye.

COBHAM's a Coward, *POLWARTH* is a Slave, 130

And *LYTTELTON* a dark, designing Knave,

St. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool —

But let me add, Sir *ROBERT*'s mighty dull,

Has never made a Friend in private life,

And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame ?

Call *Verres*, *Wolsey*, any odious name ?

Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine

Oh All-accomplish'd *St. JOHN* ! deck thy Shrine ?

What ? shall each spurgall'd Hackney of the day,

When *Paxton* gives him double Pots and Pay,

Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend

To break my Windows if I treat a Friend ?

Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,

But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt ?

Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules

Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools ;

Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said

His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchets Lead.

It

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
 To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay :
 But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
 Knew one a Man of honour, one a Knave;
 The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
 And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest : 155
 Which not at present having time to do —
 F. Hold Sir! for God's-sake, where's th' Affront to you?
 Against your worship when had S——k writ?
 Or P——ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
 Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend, 160
 [*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a friend.*]
 To W——le guilty of some venial sin;
 What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The Priest whose Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
 How hurt he you; he only stain'd the Gown. 165
 And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
 Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?

P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
 Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
 Since the whole House did afterwards the same;
 Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply, 171
 As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly;
 If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
 Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
 From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 275
 As pure a morsel almost as it came in;
 The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;

From

DIALOGUE II.

185

From tail to mouth, they feed, and they carouse: Y

The last full fairly gives it to the *House*. 180

F. This filthy Simile, this beastly line 185

Quite turns my stomach—P. So does Flat'ry mine;

And all your courtly Civet-Cats can vent,

Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.

But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185

Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,

In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;

But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write,

And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,

Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own? 190

Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin,

Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?

No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,

Without a staring Reason on his brows?

And each Blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195

Because the insult's not on Man, but God?

Ask you what Provocation I have had?

The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.

When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,

Th'Affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.

Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence,

Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense;

Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;

And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no Slave: }

So impudent, I own myself no Knave: }

So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave. }

N

Yes,

Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne, 210
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

O sacred Weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rowze the Watchmen of the publick Weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.

Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains, 220
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.
All, all but Truth, drops dead-horn from the Press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

When black Ambition stains a publick Cause,
A Monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Nor Boileau turn the † Feather to a Star.

† See his Ode on *Namur*; where (to use his own words) *il a fait un Astre de la Plume blanche qui le Roy porte ordinairement a son Chapeau, & qui est en effet une espece de Comete, fatale a nos ennemis.*

Not so, when diadem'd with Rays divine. 230
 Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's*
 Her Priestess Muse forbids the Good to dye, [Shrine,
 And ope's the Temple of *Eternity*.

There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
 Than such as *Anstis* casts into the Grave; 235
 Far other Stars than * and * * wear,

And may descend to *Mon-ton* from *STAIR* :
 (Such, as on * *Hough's* unsully'd Mitre shine,
 Or beam, good *DICBY* ! from a Heart like thine)
 Let *Envy* howl, while *Heav'n's* whole Chorus sings,
 And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings ;
 Let *Flatt'ry* sickening see the Incense rise,
 Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies :

Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine, 245

Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,
 When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law :
 Here, Last of Britons ! let your Names be read ;
 Are none, none living ? let me praise the Dead,
 And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine,
 Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.

F. Alas ! alas ! pray end what you began,
 And write next winter more *Essays on Man*.

* *Dr. Hough Bishop of Worcester.*

F I N I S.

ERRATA. Vol. 2. Part 1.

ESSAY on MAN.

- Page 42. Verse 280. for *Men* read *Man*.
 Pag. 46. ver. 299. after *suffer*, add the *Comma*.
 Pag. 54. ver. 165. for *early* r. *eatibly*.
 Pag. 81. ver. 98. for *Ask* r. *Asks*.
 Pag. 93. ver. 75. for *scatters* r. *scatter*.

ERRATA. Vol. 2. Part 2.

- Page 30. line 2. for *The* read *Who*.
 Pag. 32. lin. 10. for *abroad* r. *a-board*.
 Pag. 80. lin. 14. for *Peleus* r. *Peleus'*.
 Pag. 85. lin. 1. for *so* r. *two*. lin. 8. for *Cooper* r. *Cozoper*.
 Pag. 97. lin. 6. after *Grecian Form*, put the Parenthesis.)
 Pag. 112. lin. 13. *No so*, dele *so*.
 Pag. 132. vers. 120. for *shaper* r. *sharper*.
 Pag. 141. vers. 32. for *Poll* r. *Pole*.